

The Nomination of McKinley and Roosevelt

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NEW YORK, JULY SEVENTH, 1900

WE WOULD invite particular attention to the special article in this number by Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, on "The Issues of the Campaign." It is well known that no member of the Cabinet more entirely commands the confidence of President McKinley than does the head of the naval department. We betray no secret when we say that the Administration would gladly have seen him named by the Philadelphia Convention for the office of Vice President. He knows, if any man does, what issues the Administration desires to place in the foreground during the impending canvass, and it is important to know what these are, whether or no we believe it to be in the power of any group of men to fix beforehand the pivots upon which a campaign will turn. By reason of Mr. Long's official position his statement of political issues and conditions may be considered in the light of an official declaration from the Chief Executive.

THE NOMINATION of Roosevelt for Vice President by the Republicans logically constrains the Democracy to put in the second place upon their ticket a name at least as strong as Roosevelt's in New York and in the Middle West. We need not say that Admiral Dewey's is a far stronger name to conjure with in both of those localities. There is not an American schoolboy but believes that the battle of San Juan Hill would have been abortive but for the subsequent destruction of Cervera's warships by our squadron. If the Republicans put forward Roosevelt for the purpose of injecting a little war fever into the campaign, the Democracy have it in their power to give them an overdose of glory. In truth, if Admiral Dewey would accept the Democratic nomination, the Roosevelt gun would be exploded. As the field looks to-day, we do not hesitate to assert that, if the Democrats should fail to nominate Dewey for Vice President, and if the general election were to take place July 15, the Republican party would sweep the doubtful States of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana, and would secure a large majority in the electoral colleges. A good deal may happen, however, between the middle of July and November.

THE EXPECTED happened at Philadelphia, and Governor Theodore Roosevelt of New York was nominated for the Vice Presidency by every vote except his own in the Republican National Convention. There is no foundation for the charge that his reluctance to receive the nomination was feigned. There is not a far-sighted politician in the United States who would not rather be

Governor of the Empire Commonwealth than Vice President. Had the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency gone to some other man, Senator Platt and his friends, however desirous of some other candidate, would have been constrained by public sentiment to put forward Roosevelt a second time for Governor of New York, and the latter would have been re-elected. He would thus have kept himself in the public eye, during the next two years, at all events, far more conspicuously than he can hope to do in the office of Vice President. Since the passage of the Constitutional amendment requiring Presidential electors to vote for President and Vice President separately, Van Buren is the only Vice President who has been subsequently nominated and elected President. During the last sixty years, the importance of the Vice Presidential office has steadily declined in popular esteem. It has been given to such men as Fillmore, Wheeler, Arthur, Stevenson and Hobart. The fact, however, should never be forgotten that the office carries with it the chance of succession to the Chief Magistracy under certain conditions, and when the remembrance of this contingency is brought home to a National Convention, as it was this year, the responsibility for a right selection is keenly felt, and ought to be respected. That is why we said two weeks ago that no man is big enough to refuse a nomination for the Vice Presidency, if it be unanimously tendered by a national convention of his party. We did not say that a refusal had never occurred. As a matter of fact, the nomination has been twice declined, although, as the event proved, it would have been followed by an election. The incidents may be worth recalling. In 1844, if all the delegates to the Democratic National Convention, who had been instructed for Van Buren, had obeyed their instructions, he would have come within ten of the necessary two-thirds vote on the first ballot. As a matter of fact, he never secured two-thirds, and his opponents ultimately succeeded in nominating James K. Polk. They were terrified at their success, however, and forthwith proceeded to nominate Van Buren's best friend, Silas Wright of New York, for the Vice Presidency. Silas Wright indignantly repelled the offer, and then it was that the convention gave the nomination to George M. Dallas. There was a like occurrence four years later. At the Whig National Convention in 1848, Henry Clay was a candidate; so was Daniel Webster; so was General Winfield Scott, the true hero of the Mexican War. To the disgust of these candidates and their friends, the nomination went to General Zachary Taylor, whose supporters, alarmed at the signs of disaffection, urged Daniel Webster to accept the nomination for Vice President. The godlike Daniel rejected the proposal with disdain, yet the hour came when he regretted his arrogance, for Taylor died sixteen months after his inauguration, and the Vice President became Chief Magistrate. So near was Daniel Webster to attaining the great object of his life.

THE PLATFORM adopted at Philadelphia is eminently satisfactory in certain particulars, but it is also open to some criticism on positive and negative grounds. There is nothing lukewarm or equivocal in the declaration that we favor the construction, ownership, control and protection of a trans-isthmian canal by the Government of the United States. Neither is there any trace of a desire to evade patent obligations in the assertion that to Cuba independence was as used in the same intemperance by which war was declared, and that this pledge shall be fulfilled to the letter. On the other hand, it is not true that the party of all our money and the stability of our currency upon a gold basis have been secured by the legislation of the Fifty-sixth Congress. Undoubtedly the Fifty-sixth Congress did all it could to secure such stability. Its power is limited, however. Its enactments may be reversed, the moment the Democratic party gain possession of the Federal Executive and also of both branches of the Federal Legislature. That fact should never be lost sight of, and, consequently, the framers of the platform in a subsequent and inconsistent paragraph, point out that, however firmly Republican legislation may seem to have secured the country against the peril of base and discredited currency, the election of a Democratic President could not fail to impair the country's credit, and to bring once more into question the intention of the American people to maintain upon a gold standard the parity of their money circulation. The pronouncement in relation to trusts is what, in our political vernacular, is denominated a "straddle." It is too obviously disingenuous to delude anybody. After professing to recognize the necessity and propriety of the honest cooperation of capital to meet new business conditions, the platform proceeds to condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production or to control prices. Of course, the very essence of the so-called new business conditions is the alleged necessity of regulating production and controlling prices. Manifestly, the man who wrote and the man who read this reference to trusts must have had his tongue in his cheek. The truth is that the Republican party is notoriously the upholder of trusts, including the most odious examples of the genus, and, for that reason, can rely upon their support during the campaign. Had there been the faintest tincture of honesty in the Republican pretence of opposition to trusts, the friends of the Administration would not have waited until the dying hours of the last session to introduce an anti-trust bill in a

single branch of the Federal Legislature. So much for the features of the platform which invite criticism on positive grounds. Even more startling is the failure of the programme to utter a syllable about the principle involved in the Porto Rican legislation, the principle upon which the canvass is very likely to turn. We refer to the defiant assertion made by the Administration leaders in the Senate and House of Representatives, an assertion embodied in the Porto Rican tariff bill, that the Constitution does not follow the flag, but that Congress has absolute power to legislate for conquered territory, without any reference to our Federal organic law. This extraordinary omission may be remedied by President McKinley in his letter accepting the nomination, but it will be awkward for him to do this, seeing that, in his third annual message, he practically averred that the Constitution followed the flag, when he insisted that Porto Rico had a right to the free admission of her products to the markets of the United States.

SINCE WE LAST referred to the Chinese troubles the situation has been greatly aggravated. Early on the morning of Sunday, June 17, the Taku forts opened fire on the foreign squadron stationed near the mouth of the Peiho River, and, after a brief engagement, in which two or three vessels were injured, the forts were taken. As the American Admiral Kempf did not sign the ultimatum drawn up by the other naval commanders, which provoked the collision, and, as he took no part in the subsequent battle with the forts, it cannot be said that war exists between the United States and China, so far as the Taku incident is concerned. At Peking and Tien-tsin, however, events may have occurred that will place our relations with the Middle Kingdom in a very different light. Unfortunately, it is nearly a fortnight, at the hour when we write, since any trustworthy news has been received from the Chinese capital. We do not know whether the foreign legations there are safe; we are not informed concerning the fate of the relief force despatched thither some time ago under the command of Admiral Seymour, and we do not even know just what has occurred in Tien-tsin, although there are reports that the foreign reservations have been bombarded from the fortified native city and from the Chinese military college on the other side of the Peiho River. If it be true that the American consulate at Tien-tsin has been levelled to the ground by artillery served by regular Chinese troops, there is no doubt that an act of war has been committed. In the absence of complete and authoritative intelligence, let us, for the sake of argument, assume that the worst is true. Let us assume that our consulate in Tien-tsin and our legation in Peking have been destroyed, that many American citizens, sailors and marines have been killed, and that these wrongs have been perpetrated by high officials representing the Imperial Government. What course will it behoove our Government to take for the purpose of securing reparation, and to what extent ought it to cooperate with foreign powers? Reparation we must have, and we can obtain it, as England has obtained it in the past, by seizing Canton, or some other large seaboard city, and holding it until due amends have been made. It is not our business, because gross injuries have been inflicted upon us by the Empress Dowager or by some of her reactionary appointees, to insist upon upsetting the whole system of civil government in China and dividing the country among foreign powers. In the name of common sense and common equity, why should we make the whole Chinese people responsible for the outrages perpetrated by a gang of fanatical rebels and countenanced by a horde of Manchu aliens who are a curse to the Middle Kingdom? We should have cause more relevant than this before we make ourselves guilty of collusion in the annihilation of China's national existence. We ought, in justice, to recognize that in the Celestial Empire there is a vigorous progressive party; that it has had an official representative in the Emperor Kwang-Su, and that, if this unhappy sovereign be dead, it can easily find another. No doubt, the incidents of the last fortnight afford a plausible pretext for denying to China the privilege of self regeneration, for extinguishing the last vestiges of national self government and for dismembering her territory among strangers. It is not for the United States, however, under any circumstances, to participate in such a parcellation. We ought to stand till the last moment for the maintenance of what is left of China's territorial integrity, and, if her independence cannot be upheld, we should limit our own demands to the requirement that the dismembering powers should recognize our treaty rights within the Chinese territories of which they may become possessors. Unquestionably, the European powers will seek to tempt us by the offer of Amoy and the adjoining region, or of some other eastwise province within easy reach of the Philippines. The acceptance of such a share in the plunder would involve us in endless complications with the powers of the Old World. It would be a Trojan Horse that they would offer us, and we should be stricken with madness if we admitted it within our walls. The only safe fundamental position for us to take in relation to the Chinese troubles is this: that, whatever provisional security we may exact for the payment of a just indemnity, we will not accept, as permanent owners, an inch of soil upon the Chinese mainland, and we will bend all the efforts of our diplomacy to prevent the further dismemberment of China by other foreign powers.

THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

By JOHN D. LONG

Secretary of the Navy

IN THE CAMPAIGN that is now opening, enunciation and denunciation will, as usual, be the dominant notes of the platforms of the two contending parties. The Republicans, standing by the record that has been made by the President and by Congress, will propose to carry out the policies that have been initiated so successfully and with such signal advantage to the prosperity and growth of the country. The Democrats will, of course, condemn the acts and purposes of the Republican party, but will present nothing in the way of a constructive policy.

Prosperity is a theme on which every Republican campaign orator can with irresistible force appeal to the good sense and the interests of the voters. In every community, a marked contrast exists between the conditions of to-day and those of 1896. In that year, the mills were silent and working men were idle. The purchasing power of the wage-earners had been reduced to such a low point that the products of the farm and plantation were often sold at less than the cost of production. To-day, smoke is pouring from every factory chimney, and every man anxious to work can find employment at remunerative wages, while the farmer and the planter enjoy a degree of prosperity that has seldom been equaled.

The increased prosperity of the whole country can best be shown by a simple comparison of the foreign commerce of 1896 with that of 1900. For the ten months of the fiscal year of 1896 ending April 30 the United States sold abroad goods to the value of \$749,444,513. For the corresponding ten months ending April 30 of this year the exports amounted to \$1,172,749,430, an increase of \$423,304,917. During the ten months ending June 30, 1896, the imports into the United States were valued at \$666,291,157, while those for the same period of the present fiscal year amounted to \$717,241,466. This, in itself, is an indication of increased prosperity, as it shows that the people of the United States were able to spend for foreign goods \$50,958,309 more than in 1896. Still more forcibly is the increased prosperity of the country shown by the fact that the balance of trade in favor of the United States, which for the ten months ending April 30, 1896, amounted to \$83,153,356, had increased to the enormous sum of \$455,307,964 for the same period in the present year. There is more than eloquence in these figures. The voter will not shut his eyes to their bearing on his own welfare.

This prosperity has been the natural result of the restoration of confidence brought about by the election of 1896, and of the enactment into law of the two leading principles on which Mr. McKinley's campaign was conducted. The Dingley law, framed with a view of depriving the products of cheaper foreign labor of an advantage in the American market, has enabled American capital and labor not only to command the home market but to compete with most gratifying results for the markets of the world. The advantages of the reciprocity feature of this law are already partially realized as a result of the commercial agreements entered into. The gold standard law enacted during the recent session of Congress has established the financial system of the country on a sound footing. It has made it impossible to put the country on a basis that will depreciate its currency. It has provided for refunding the national debt at the lowest rate paid by any nation on earth and has effected an annual saving in interest of many millions of dollars. It has extended the benefits of the national banking system to small towns and has provided for an expansion of national bank circulation adequate to the development of the business of the country.

That the country has become prosperous since the election of President McKinley the opposition cannot deny. They will attempt to minimize it, however, and will make the most of such isolated instances of business depression as they may be able to find; but exceptions only prove the rule. They, of course, will not admit that business conditions have improved as the result of Republican legislation or Republican administration. They will follow the old plan of contending that the country is prosperous, not because of Republican government but in spite of it. Unless the Kansas City Convention is carried off its feet by the extremists in their ranks, it is possible that the leading Democratic issue of 1896—the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1—may receive only a perfunctory endorsement. Still, they will argue that the soundness of their free silver campaign four years ago has some vindication in the increased prosperity of the country, on the ground that what they then contended for was an increase in the volume of basic money. That increase, which they sought to bring about by opening the mints to silver, they will assert has been achieved by the enormous increase in the output of gold. There will be some condemnation of the Dingley law by Democratic campaigners, though with the changed conditions of the country and the development of manufacturing industries in the South, the Democratic party can no longer unitedly support a free trade platform. This issue cannot be revived without injury to the Democratic party, in the face of our present financial and industrial good condition. Any denunciation of the Republican Congress for giving the country the single gold standard and for increasing the powers of the national banks will have little force in view of the increased volume of currency and the general reduction of interest rates.

The President can safely go before the country upon the record he has made. In the Republican platform of 1896, referring to Cuba, the party declared:

"We believe that the Government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island."

How effectively that pledge has been and is being carried out the world knows. Anxious to evade the horrors of war, the President strenuously endeavored to bring about a solution of the Cuban difficulty by peaceful means. He persisted in this policy so far that even many members of his own party



DELEGATES ARRIVING AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION HALL AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19

became impatient. When war could no longer be avoided, the country found in him a patriotic and efficient leader. Under his direction, an army was created which at El Caney and San Juan Hill added new lustre to American arms, while the navy, always ready for action, swept the Spanish fleets from the seas at Manila Bay and Santiago de Cuba. Victorious in war, the nation was generous in peace. Seldom have such terms been given to a vanquished foe as were granted to the Spanish Government in the Treaty of Paris. The war undertaken for the liberation of Cuba had accomplished its object. It had grave results and entailed grave responsibilities, but gave great opportunities for the development of the interests of the United States which were unforeseen at its inception. Grave as these responsibilities were, the President did not shrink from them. Had Porto Rico been left in the possession of Spain, the same system of government which proved so intolerable in Cuba would have been continued in that island, and sooner or later the United States would have been compelled to abate this nuisance also. For the autocratic rule of Spain there has been substituted in Porto Rico a government in which the people will participate so fast and so far as their capacity for self-government will admit. With larger experience, they will be given increased responsibilities.

When Admiral Dewey's guns destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay the sovereignty of Spain in the Philippines came to an end. That Government, its fleet annihilated and its army defeated, could never hope to re-establish its power in the far-off Pacific islands. Two courses were open to the President. He could leave the islands to anarchy and to long and bloody wars between the eighty-four tribes that inhabit them, or he could replace the sovereignty of Spain with that of the United States, and institute a policy which would have for its end the pacification of the islands and the gradual elevation of their people into an enlightened, self-governing community. The latter alternative was chosen by the President, and time will demonstrate the wisdom of his decision. A single tribe, influenced by the ambition of Emilio Aguinaldo, who aspired to establish his dominion over all the islands and various tribes, revolted against American rule. That revolt, precipitated by Aguinaldo in the face of the conciliatory policy of the Administration, is now put down, and wherever American authority has been extended local self-government has been established, schools have been opened, and the natives have an opportunity of experiencing the beneficial results of the American system of government.

The pledge given by Congress and the Administration to pacify Cuba and establish an independent government is being carried out in good faith. Not for a century has Cuba passed through such a peaceful period as has followed American occupation. Law and order have been established throughout the island, and its inhabitants have been able to devote themselves to the avocations of peace unharassed by the agents of a tyrannical Government. Rapid progress is made toward the establishment of an independent government. The municipalities have been under Cuban control since American occupation began, municipal elections have been held, and the framing of a constitution and the establishment of a national government will follow as the next step. It is true that some of the subordinate officials sent to Cuba have proven unworthy of their trust and of the confidence which

the Administration reposed in them. But the frauds are small compared with many that sometimes occur in our own cities and States; and an object lesson of inestimable value has been given the Cubans of how we deal with such misconduct. They were already familiar with peculation; but now, for the first time, they see it punished with vigor, swiftness and severity.

The various peoples that have been brought under the American flag as a result of the Spanish war will enjoy such a degree of political liberty and of material prosperity as they have never known before. This in itself would justify the policy of the Administration. The fact will not be lost sight of in the campaign, however, that territorial expansion brings substantial material benefits to the United States. That American trade follows the flag is shown by the immense growth in the volume of American exports to the islands that have come under our authority. For the ten months ending April 30, 1897, the year before the Spanish war, the exports from the United States to Cuba amounted to \$6,764,767; to Porto Rico, \$1,659,905; to Hawaii, \$3,768,739; and to the Philippine Islands, \$91,100. For the corresponding ten months of the present fiscal year, the exports to Cuba amounted to \$22,066,973; to Porto Rico, \$3,652,971; to Hawaii, \$11,601,720; and to the Philippine Islands, \$2,132,944. These figures for the current year relate only to commercial exports and do not include any of the supplies that have been sent to United States troops in the insular possessions. It will be seen that the most remarkable increase has been in the exports to the Philippines, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the country has been disturbed and that until recently but two ports were open to trade. With order restored throughout the archipelago, and with the inhabitants engaged in the avocations of peace, the Philippine Islanders will be numbered among the best customers of the United States. Furthermore, the Philippines will be the stepping-stone to the commerce of the East. The Administration has realized from the first the necessity of the expansion of American markets abroad, and especially in Asia. Geographically, the United States is more favorably situated with reference to the trade of the Orient than are the nations of Europe. Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines lie in the path of American commerce in China. They will form stopping-places in time of peace and harbors of refuge and bases of naval activity in time of war. The President has noted the efforts of European nations to extend their spheres of influence in China, and one of the most important achievements of the Administration has been the success of Secretary Hay in securing the pledge of European nations to maintain there the "Open Door."

If the United States are to secure the greatest benefits from their growing foreign commerce, a large percentage of that commerce must be carried in American bottoms under the American flag. To bring this about the Republican party favors such legislation as will best lead to the development of American shipbuilding and American shipowning. Here, again, the matter of wages enters largely into the problem. Not only are workmen in American shipyards better paid than those in similar establishments abroad, but the wages of officers and seamen on American merchant ships are much higher than in any other merchant marine in the world. If American ships are to compete successfully for the ocean-carrying trade such legislation must be enacted as will meet these wage conditions.

An important factor in the commercial development of the United States will be the construction of a Trans-Isthmian canal which will not only bring the eastern and western coasts of the United States into closer relations, but shorten the distance from the Atlantic and the Gulf to the Orient, and from the Pacific to Europe. To such a canal the party pledged itself in 1896. Substantial progress has already been made by the President and Congress toward carrying out that pledge, and there is no doubt that when Congress reassembles in December, with the full report of the Walker Commission before it, final legislative action will be taken.

The attitude of the opposition toward territorial expansion must be one of half-hearted negation, and that, too, with a widely divided sentiment in their own ranks, entirely in opposition to their traditional policy. They will, as a matter of form, condemn everything the Republican party has done, and everything it proposes to do, without having any practical policy to put forward as a substitute. Forgetting the examples of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, they deny the constitutional power of the United States to perform the duties with which it is confronted. They take their stand on the doctrine that all the limitations of the Constitution extend of their own force into all territory subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, and maintain that the legislative power of Congress as to the new possessions is restricted by the limitations placed upon that power as respects the United States. At every step taken by the Republicans toward the establishment of government, republican in spirit and in form, in the insular possessions, they set up the cry of imperialism; but it is only a cry, and when resolved into specification is at once indefinite and meaningless. They would have the voters of the country believe that it is the policy of the Republican party to hold and govern the insular possessions as Rome held and governed her provinces, and that vast armies are to be maintained to uphold imperial dignity abroad and crush out liberty at home; imperialism and militarism, they cry, are the two dangers which threaten the Republic. The very statement of this is its refutation. It is like the cry that the War of the Rebellion would saddle the Republic with a standing army, whereas the war was hardly over before our soldiers were back in their homes and workshops. The safeguard against all these imagined dangers is in the character of our American institutions, under which the citizen is always supreme, and the interests and bulwarks of civil life always and inevitably dominate any military organization. Conditions



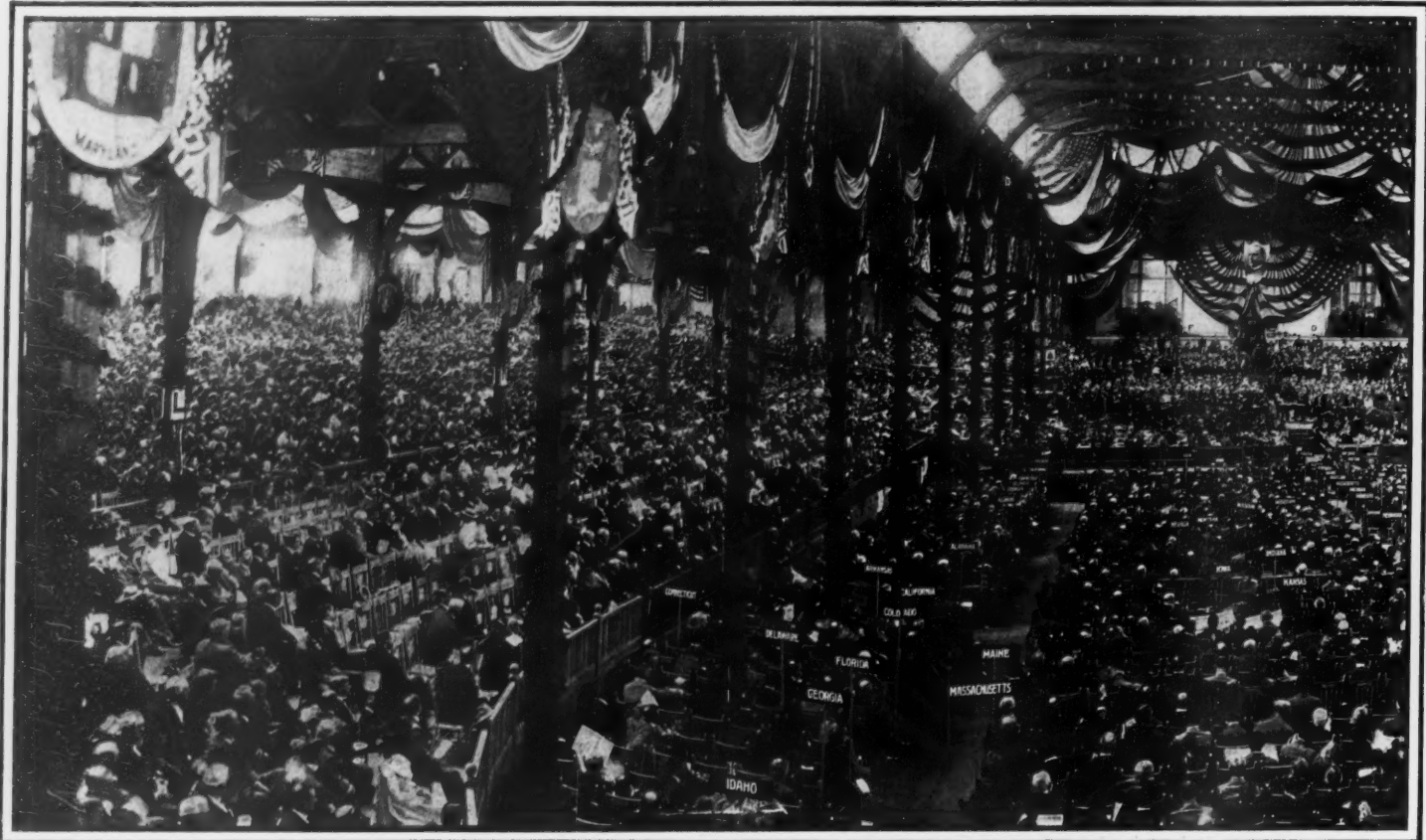
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THE WAR IN CHINA—MIDNIGHT RIOTERS BEFORE THE UNITED STATES LEGATION IN PEKIN



CELEBRATING INDEPENDENCE DAY IN NEW ENGLAND, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GREAT ASSEMBLY OF STATE DELEGATES AND SPECTATORS IN CONVENTION HALL, PHILADELPHIA

in the islands will soon be such that order can be maintained by a comparatively small force of American troops assisted by the native police.

On the trust issue the Republicans advocate a policy of correcting the evils which grow from combinations of corporations and great aggregations of capital without, at the same time, restricting legitimate enterprise. Kept within proper bounds—and this should be done by the most resolute legislation wherever necessary—large corporations may be made alike beneficial to their stockholders, to their employees and to the consumers of their products. The large corporation, with its ability to establish agencies throughout the world, is undoubtedly an important factor in the building up of foreign commerce.

The opposition will denounce the Republican policy toward trusts as they will denounce every other policy of the dominant party. They will excuse the opposition of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives to the Constitutional amendment giving Congress full power over trusts on the ground that such an amendment would invade the rights of the States, although the decisions of the Supreme Court have clearly defined the limitations of the present power on this subject. Whatever may be said as to the wisdom of this amendment, it is evident that our Democratic brethren, while criticising a Republican Congress for not legislating full remedies for the evils of trusts, are themselves, when put to the test, unwilling to grant Congress power for this purpose. On the whole, the position of the Democrats on the trust issue has been greatly weakened by the votes of the Democratic Representatives cast against the Constitutional amendment, and it will be still further weakened by the relations between Tammany Hall and the Ice Trust. The records made by Democratic leaders in the Senate and House of Representatives will trouble their party during the campaign. While the Porto Rican bill was under consideration in the Senate, a Democratic Senator offered an amendment proposing to restore to the persons that had paid them the duties collected upon imports from Porto Rico since the American occupation, the effect of which would have been to have given the American Sugar Refining Company approximately \$1,200,000 as a direct gift from the Treasury of the United States. A Democratic leader in the House proposed to go even further in favoring the Sugar Trust, introducing a joint resolution in the House of Representatives providing for the admission, free of duty, of sugar, molasses, and everything entering into the manufacture of sugar, from Cuba and Porto Rico. As only raw sugars are imported from those countries, the effect of this resolution would have been to give the Sugar Trust free raw material and to enable it to save in duties in the neighborhood of \$14,000,000 per year.

The maintenance of friendly relations with foreign powers and the adequate protection of American citizens in their lives and property wherever they may be, will be, as it has been in the past, the policy of the Republican party. The platform of 1896 declared that "our foreign policy should be at all times firm, vigorous and dignified, and all our interests in the Western Hemisphere carefully guarded." The Administration has faithfully observed this principle. Alliances and compacts of all kinds with foreign nations have been avoided. It has been the policy of the President to maintain independence of action in all foreign complications. The opposition have asserted—though it is difficult to see how it does it with a sober face—that a secret understanding with Great Britain is in force, when in fact not a shred of proof of such an understanding can be produced, for the simple reason that there is none. They attempt to make political capital out of the sympathy which many Americans feel for the Boers, and condemn the Administration for not having in some way stopped the war in South Africa, forgetting that alone of all the powers of the earth the United States has already tendered its offices as mediator. The attitude of the Administration

can best be expressed by the statement made by Secretary Hay to the Boer Envoys in response to their request for the intervention of the American Government:

"The President sympathizes heartily in the sincere desire of all the people of the United States, that the war which is now afflicting South Africa may, for the sake of both parties engaged, come to a speedy close; but, having done his full duty in preserving a strictly neutral position between them and in seizing the first opportunity that presented itself for tendering his good offices in the interest of peace, he feels that, in the present circumstances, no course is open to him except to persist in the policy of impartial neutrality. To deviate from this would be contrary to all our traditions and all our national interests and would lead to consequences which neither the President nor the people of the United States could regard with favor."

Closely allied to the prosecution of a vigorous foreign policy and the protection of American interests abroad is the maintenance of an adequate navy. On this issue, the Republicans will stand on their record. They will advocate, as heretofore, the carrying out of a systematic programme of ship construction which will enable the United States to maintain its rightful influence among the nations of the earth, to protect its shores from invasion and its commerce from depredation in the event of war, and by its very forcefulness ensure the preservation of peace.

After all, however, the overwhelming issue in the coming campaign, which will determine the votes of the people, is the great fundamental one of their own interest, welfare and prosperity. They are an intelligent people. They know perfectly well on which side their bread is buttered. They have had the object lesson of experience. They know the difference in a campaign between chaff and sawdust on the one hand and substance on the other. They know that in both parties there is the usual resort to make mountains out of molehills, to magnify fly-specks, and to raise issues out of personalities and petty details. They know, also, that in both parties there are honest differences of opinion on matters of real principle. But when they take up the argument between the last Democratic Administration and the present Republican Administration they will see, just as clearly as history will see it, the difference which is as broad as a gulf. Nobody to-day in his sober senses questions the honest purpose and fidelity to the principles of his party either of President Cleveland or of President McKinley. Nobody doubts that the four years of the former were the best that the Democratic party could give us or that the four years of the latter exemplify its spirit, its enterprise, its humanity and its helpfulness to every interest of the people; and yet one was a period of increasing financial and industrial depression and the other of good times and prosperity. It is simply a question which sort of administration, which kind of policy, which application of principle gives the people the best results. I do not believe they are going to determine this question on the ground that a postal clerk stole money in Havana and has been punished for it; or that the Secretary of the Treasury distributed the surplus money in the Treasury so that the people could have the use of it rather than keep it in his vaults; or that in the tremendous extent of administrative work during the war there may have been a mistake in the amount or quality of the purchases of canned beef. On the contrary, they will ask: Is labor better employed? Are more men at work? Are wages higher? Are our factories and workshops idle or busy? Have we more money to spend? Are we finding a better market at home and abroad for the products of our industry? Is our commerce enlarging? Is the balance of trade for or against us? Is our flag seen oftener on every water of the globe? Is our navy growing to be commensurate with our national needs? Are we meeting the responsibilities and opportunities opened to us by the result of the Spanish-American War? Are we according education and American institutions to the islands of

the sea that are now ours? Are we sending to them, upon the commissions charged with their welfare and representing the United States, men of high character, competent and faithful? Have there been four years of plenty and prosperity or four years of neither? Have there come up out of the river four well-favored kine, fat-fleshed, or four other kine, ill-favored and lean-fleshed? Are the ears of corn rank and good, or thin and blasted with the east wind?

These are the questions which will determine the issues of the campaign. It will not be a campaign of personalities or quips and partisan criticisms, but of the general well-being of the Republic. On that ground, and in the face of the record of the Administration of President McKinley and of the inevitable comparison between it and that of the last Democratic Administration, especially between it and an Administration based on the policies so thoroughly defeated in 1896, and so utterly exploded by the irresistible logic of events and results since then, there can be no question of the result. The country will not at once and so soon invite the same perils, on its escape from which it has not yet ceased to congratulate itself.

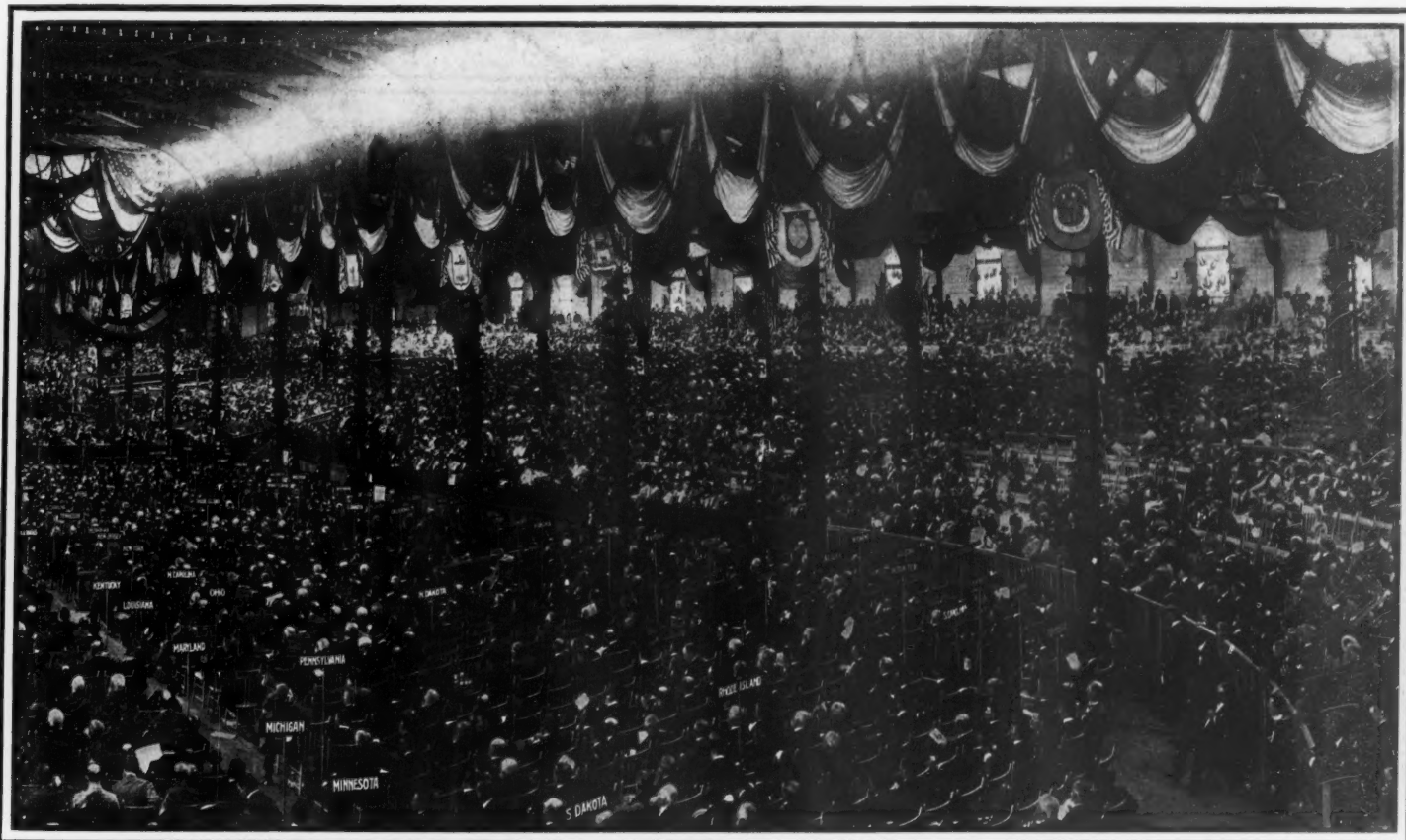
THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

UNIFIED by a single purpose, the nomination by acclamation of William McKinley by the Republican National Convention, in session at Philadelphia June 19, 20 and 21, was a foregone conclusion. Satisfied to leave the platform and numberless other details to the leaders, there was never any question that their action would be approved. But having proven tractable in these particulars, the delegates concluded that there should be some expression of the popular will, and with a spontaneity that produced its effect they turned in a body to a spectacled man, nervously twitching a black Rough Rider hat, and demanded that he put aside personal ambition, and for the good of the party, the whole party, join hands with McKinley in safely conducting "Prosperity" to the haven which is the gateway to the garden of a Republican Hesperides.

There was hardly a visitor in Philadelphia during the days immediately preceding and of the convention who did not entertain a lively curiosity respecting the attitude of Roosevelt on the Vice-Presidency and the plans of the delegates to thrust the honor upon him.

The strains of "I'd leave my happy home for you," whistled by a Young Men's Republican Club, were carried by the breeze to the room in which Chandler and Roosevelt canvassed the Vice-Presidential situation. Already, the lively tooting of horns, betokening the departure of gayly-jacked tally-hos—that Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister, who witnessed the proceedings on the second day of the convention, mistook for trolley cars—the burr of electric bells rung by automobile operators to warn the unwary, the clang of the street railway car, the beat of the horses' hoofs and the sound of the rolling wheels of the vehicles they drew, and the crowded thoroughfares, presenting the appearance of an unorganized army marching toward one goal, told the story that the city was bound for Convention Hall.

And such a hall! Accommodating thirty thousand spectators with slight inconvenience, twenty-five thousand without difficulty. When that great amphitheatre was opened to the convention on that Tuesday of June, memorable in the annals of McKinley, of Roosevelt and of the Republican party, it presented an area of vastness that could hardly be appreciated. Thirty tiny keyholes in that tremendous structure formed the entrances to the interior, but like the raid of a battalion of ants upon a choice morsel of food, the army of the people swarmed into the hall, covering up the pine chairs, and making a scene of picturesque brightness instead of the



WHERE McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT WERE NOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

crude blotch of carpentering as presented by the empty floor of the hall.

The delegates, tired after the parade of the preceding night, when they had spent four hours in marching, but with lusty voices still, began to straggle into the hall on the first day shortly after eleven o'clock. A few minutes before the hour of noon arrived, Hanna entered. A burst of applause marked his appearance in the centre aisle, and the leader of the band, who had been keeping time for "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," switched the music into "Hail to the Chief."

As Hanna walked down the aisle, delegates hastened to grasp his hand, proud to get an "I'm glad to see you" from the man who in some quarters is regarded as a McKinley deadweight. That the convention did not think so was shown by the subservient demeanor observed toward the "Boss" of the Republican party, but more particularly by his selection for a second time for the position as chairman of the National Republican Committee. Hanna turned when he reached the platform to witness the ovation tendered Roosevelt, who had just arrived. This welcome, first accorded by the delegates, was joined in by the spectators. Senator Hanna's greeting was that which employees pay to their chief; that accorded to Governor Roosevelt was the spontaneous offering that respectful comradeship gives. Roosevelt pushed down the centre aisle, his mouth stretched in a set smile, and occasionally saying with cordial warmth, "I'm awfully glad to see you, awfully glad." A negro, who had served with Lawton at Santiago as an interpreter, introduced himself to the Governor. "I'm from Texas," he said. "We're for you as the Vice-Presidential candidate."

Governor Roosevelt looked at this moment as though his worst fears had been confirmed. Before him sat the impassive Odell, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, the lieutenant of the senior Senator from New York, who, with heavy rings under his eyes, denoting the pain from which he was suffering, sat staring fixedly at the platform. What Roosevelt was thinking of and what Platt was thinking of they alone can tell, but Odell had but one thought, and that was to carry out Platt's wishes to make Theodore Roosevelt Vice-President, and Theodore Roosevelt knew it.

The thoughts of Roosevelt, of Platt and of Odell were interrupted by applause caused by the entrance of Senator Chauncey Depew, who became at once the object of the interested scrutiny of practically the entire auditorium. Apparently, Mr. Depew did not mind the inquisitorial inspection he underwent. Bowing and smiling, he advanced to his seat, located just behind Roosevelt's chair, leaned over the Governor's shoulder, and spoke pleasantly, receiving an answering smile as Roosevelt returned the greeting. Then Mr. Depew turned and nodded to Cornelius N. Bliss, upon whom the President and Hanna desired the convention to bestow the Vice-Presidential mantle; General Francis V. Greene, who is said to have aspired to the Vice-Presidency, as he aspired to the Secretaryship of War; Sereno E. Payne, the Republican leader on the floor of the House; former Governor Black, straight-backed and solemn, a mourner instead of a McKinley delegate; and others of the convention. Back of the New York delegation was that of Pennsylvania, and, his hand clutching the standard, was Hanna's arch-enemy, Quay.

Sitting almost directly opposite Governor Roosevelt was Former Governor Taylor of Kentucky, who was vociferously cheered by the convention when he rose in response to Senator Wolcott's recognition to second the nominations of the officers of the temporary organization. Senator Wolcott in recognizing him had laid stress upon the title "Governor." The convention went wild over the man who is charged with being an accessory to the murder of William Goebel, and gave him an indorsement that should convince the world of its belief in his innocence.

As the convention rose to evidence its respect for the "Star Spangled Banner," played by the band, the clouds which had

been covering the heavens in the morning, and which had turned their silver lining toward Governor Roosevelt, broke, and the sunshine came in sparkling streams through the open windows on the south side. The brighter light growing mellow as it passed between the wooden columns, to the pit in which the delegates sat, threw ribbons of white upon the spectators and gave richer tints to the costumes of the women, bringing them out in bolder relief against the set colors of the business suits worn by the men. Looking down upon the convention, beaming and smiling, was a crayon portrait of the President—a black and white centre in a semi-circle of huge American flags. Gracefully festooned above, and connecting the columns supporting the unpainted pine roof, were bunting and flags, their bright colors emphasized by the strings of evergreens which formed successive loops before them. Decorated by small American flags, the portraits of the several Presidents of the country were hung in the background. Below them were the rows of pine chairs, which were rapidly filled each morning before the hour arrived for the convention to open. Just in front of the President's portrait were the seats for the distinguished guests, among whom during the convention were numbered Comptroller of the Currency Dawes, whose quiet work beneath the surface led to the graceful acquiescence by the Administration in the candidacy of Roosevelt; Dolliver of Iowa, whose boom was punctured the moment it reached Philadelphia; Postmaster-General Smith, who, a long time ago, was considered a Vice-Presidential possibility; Abner McKinley, brother of the President; Z. K. Pangborn, the schoolmaster who is known to fame because he flogged Dewey; and relics of the convention of 1856, who, trembling with palsy, stood on the platform and heard the applause in 1900 in their honor that they had so heartily accorded the nominee of 1856. Between the pit and the section reserved for the distinguished guests was the platform, which was the scene of such picturesque enthusiasm when Senator Foraker formally nominated the President, and flanking it were the sections reserved for the large press representation in attendance.

The first day of the convention was cool, the second day became warm, and the third and last day was hot. The convention, and especially the Vice-Presidential feature of it, resembled the climate. When Roosevelt left the convention on that first day, forcing his way out as he had forced his way in, every spectator, every member of the temporary organization, every delegate in the pit knew, as Roosevelt knew, that only a most awful catastrophe could arrest his nomination. Platt, heart and soul to eliminate Roosevelt from New York politics, saw the way the wind was veering, and, good political weather prophet as he was, quickly appreciated that his fight was almost won—that naught but Roosevelt's declination after the tender of the nomination in accordance with the unanimous wish of the convention would prevent his presentation by the Republican party to the country as its Vice-Presidential candidate. Quay, equally as far-sighted as Platt, with a satisfied smile, looked at Hanna, sitting in a brown study, and seeing, as Platt saw, and as Quay saw, that Roosevelt could not escape his destiny.

On the evening of the first day of the convention, he saw Platt. "My name must not be presented to the convention," he told him. Platt was mad, and mad clean through; but he acquiesced, and Roosevelt returned to his apartment to run into the arms of the Kansas delegation. "We do not request you to accept the nomination," said State Senator Burton, "we do not urge you to accept the nomination, but we propose to issue orders to you, and we expect you to obey them." Throughout the delivery of Mr. Burton's remarks Roosevelt stood, with shoulders square and feet at right angles, his chin occasionally shooting forward as if he were on the point of objecting to the argument that he alone could rescue "bleeding Kansas" from demagogism and populism. But he waited patiently until the address was ended, and then

appealed to the Kansans to take his words at their face value, and vote for some one of the candidates. But his appeal was useless, for Senator Burton, grasping his hand, congratulated him "in advance upon his nomination and election," and the delegation enthusiastically approved the sentiments. So certain was Kansas that Roosevelt would be the choice of the convention, that it had printed a huge placard, bearing the words in large, black type:

"KANSAS DELEGATION
FIRST TO DECLARE FOR
GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT."

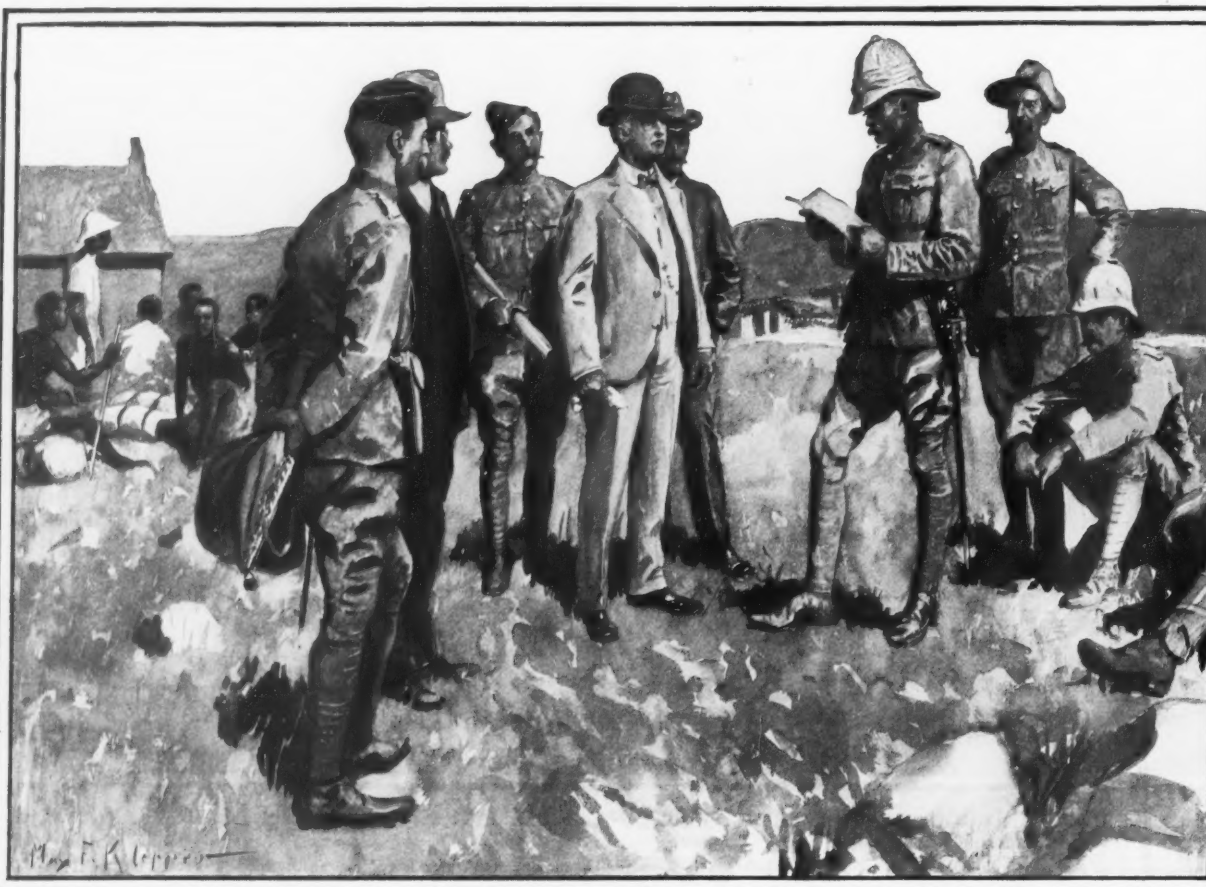
and, when the nomination was declared to have occurred, triumphantly carried it about Convention Hall.

While the Kansas and New York delegations were struggling with Roosevelt, and Quay was quietly greasing the ways for the New Yorker's nomination by acclamation, Hanna, Bliss and Dawes sat in conference, communicating with the President over the long-distance 'phone. The result of the conference was the announcement on the following morning that the Administration was kindly disposed toward Roosevelt. On the same evening Hanna announced he had been asked to give his advice, and he had decided in favor of Roosevelt.

There was nothing for the delegates to do but to shout when they assembled on the third and last day of the convention, and they did it with a will that set the echoes reverberating in the Schuylkill hills. Roosevelt, in this imitating Dewey at Manila Bay and elsewhere, arrived before the convention was called to order, and though he removed his black Rough Rider hat in the hope of reaching his seat without recognition, it was not long before the crowd discovered him, and testified their pleasure by prolonged cheering. Hanna came in a few minutes later, and, affectionately placing his arm about Roosevelt, whispered in his ear a nothing that brought a smile and caused its repetition to Odell and Depew, who joined the Governor in a hearty laugh that drowned the chuckle coming from the Ohio Senator. With an obsequiousness that slowed the hold those four men exercised over that great gathering, the delegates and spectators joined in this mirth.

But the delegates had come there to do business, and they were in no mood to wait longer. The announcement that the nomination of President would be the next order was received with applause, the yielding of Alabama to Ohio precipitated a whirlwind of cheers, and a cyclone of enthusiasm swept the convention when Senator Foraker placed McKinley's name in nomination. The Republican managers had not forgotten the spectacular in their plans. Hanna frantically waving a palm-leaf fan and a white handkerchief, wildly paced up and down the narrow platform, encouraging the shouting delegates to yet greater efforts, surrendering the palm and putting away his handkerchief only when an assistant sergeant-at-arms placed in his hand three sprays of pampas grass, colored red, white and blue. The plumes had been distributed among the delegates, who waved them with a vigor that was only exceeded by their ear-splitting cries of approval for the nomination. Chairmen of the State delegations tore the State standards from their sockets and, led by Indiana, marched to the platform, where they gathered in a circle around the Ohio leader. Not content with the tempest of noise they had produced, the crowd began to sing "John Brown's Body," but the music gave place to renewed pandemonium when Senator Hanna dragged upon a chair with him a young woman—Miss Daisy Gordon Stewart of Washington, D. C.—who wildly waved an American flag and added her shrill voice to the volume of sound that rolled on and on like the roar of Niagara. Order was finally restored, only for the crowd to break out into renewed cheering when Roosevelt seconded the nomination of McKinley, and the tempest of applause his presence on the platform evoked returned when his name was placed in nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

CAL O'LAUGHLIN.



DRAWN BY MAX K. HEPPNER

McMANUS, IN GRAY TWEEDS, BLACK BOWLER AND IMMACULATE WHITE COLLAR, GAVE HIM NOT THE SLIGHTEST HELP

FOLLY BRIDGE



BY

RUDYARD KIPLING



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HE BOERS had wrecked the three centre spans and blown huge pieces out of the stone piers. The wreckage lay adrift in the dirty water, and a section of the British army was now picking up the pieces. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river. You reached it by way of a steep sandy track through the scrub, and on the north bank met a steeper, sandier scarp that climbed out past the haunches of the bridge under the edge of a rocky embankment. Till the temporary railway trestle was finished this plunge and that scramble were the only path into the Orange Free State. By that road came McManus, head of the Corporate Equatorial Bank of Africa, on urgent business. He had been summoned to Bloemfontein by the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, who, with the High Commissioner, was then striving to disentangle some finances which President Steyn had dropped. In an inner pocket lay a pass calling on all officers, civil and military, to assist and expedite R. L. McManus, Esq., by every means in their power, for the State had need of him and his time, which meant other people's money as well as his own, was valuable. McManus was not used to passes. As a rule of thirty years, few people interfered with his uprisings or his downsitings. He was known to remotest Dutch farmers for an institution representing an institution, from the edge of the Kalahari to the outskirts of Portuguese territory: from Salisbury, where they lend money on mortgage, to the sea, where they foreclose on villa property. His grizzled head held most intimate knowledge of South Africa's finance for the last quarter of a century: his word, when they importuned him to speak, was law alike to speculative bond or progressive Ministries. Cape Town knew that he had been called up to Bloemfontein, and flashed the news to Natal and Kimberley: nor need we for an instant doubt that Pretoria knew it within twelve hours of his departure from the coast. The Corporate Equatorial had been chased out of Bloemfontein with bad words early in the war. Its return signified more than army corps victorious.

McManus, his secretary, and half a dozen fellow-travellers came in a desolate evening to the southern end of Folly Bridge. A simple race of God-fearing herdsmen had been before them.

The platform, after three days' vehement cleansing, still reeked of putrid onions, stable litter, and the remnants of bloody sheepskins. They had defiled the corner of every room they had lived in as dirty little boys defile abandoned houses: they had removed everything save the door locks, and had left in exchange a portrait in crayon on the wall of one "Chamberlain at Modder," which represented an eyeglassed person at a rope's end.

"My word!" said a New Zealand doctor, hoping to join his countrymen in the big camps to the north, "this is a lovely land to fight over! When d'you suppose we go on to Bloemfontein?"

"I'd give something to know why McManus is going up," said the captain of a troop of Colonial Horse, returning from a Karroo hospital.

"Who's McManus?" said the New Zealander.

"Good Lord!" the South African replied, aghast at his ignorance. "He's McManus. He's in his carriage now! You'll see he won't get out. He's got all his skoff with him. He'll have a decent dinner—soda water, too."

The Colonial had been picked up among the tangled Colesburg kopjes, where soda water was scarce.

"I'm going up with the Little Man's private letters." This was an officer late of the Bengal army. "That ought to be good for a reserved compartment in a cattle truck. Wonder how long we have to wait?" He stumbled forth, grasping the commander-in-chief's private mail-bag. The noises of a full camp filled their ears, but the station was void and black.

"There must be a railway staff officer somewhere," a young and brisk gunner murmured. "Let's find him. Isn't that a light at the end of the platform? Phew! How the place stinks!"

They formed an untidy little procession, and, falling over sleeping men and stray baggage, found at last a bare room, lighted with three candles in beer bottles and somewhat overfurnished with two men, both in khaki—one of them very angry.

"But—but—confound it all," said the latter. "How did it come to be breached, guard?"

"I don't know, sir. My business is to report it to you. One case o' whiskey with the top smashed in, and a bottle gone, between here an' Arundel. They're always

doin' it along the line, sir. I think it's those irregular corps."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but how did it come to be breached? Well, never mind—never mind. I shall report it, of course."

"Report it," whispered a sapper with documents for the Intelligence Department. "They've been looting the staff's reserve baggage down the line. A lot they'll care for one bottle o' whiskey missing."

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" said the railway staff officer when the train guard, properly reported, had withdrawn.

"We want to know how we can get on to Bloemfontein?"

"Not another train till to-morrow night. You'll have to wait till then." The R. S. O. drummed merrily on the table.

It meant a check of full twenty-four hours, and some one said so.

"It isn't my fault," said the R. S. O. "I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure personally to shoot rubbish up the line, but I have my orders, and I've nothing more to do with it. I've noticed that every man who comes up thinks his business is the one thing I've got to attend to, and that the whole army will go to pieces if he isn't sent to the front at once, but . . . Hullo, what do these Kafirs want? Been out of the camp without a pass?" Four Kafirs were thrust into the room and the company departed, leaving the R. S. O. to execute justice according to his own lights and those in the beer bottles.

"My word!" said the New Zealander, "but we didn't make a fuss about not going up, did we? Why was he so stuffy? Who is that man?"

"He's been here precisely nine days," said a voice in the darkness. "Nine whole days in Africa. He has his orders. We'll hear a lot about these orders before we leave. I know the breed. There will be larks. Now let's see how we can whack up something to eat."

"Get a light first," said the gunner. "If we could find some oil we'd light the lamps in our carriage. Those candles are no good. They always drop into the vittles. Morgan, you go an' unscrew the lamps an' bring 'em out here. I'll look for oil. Hi!" (this to a shadow that passed) "where do you keep your lamp oil?"

"In the lamp room, of course. I'm the station master," was the fretful reply.

"I beg your pardon. You must be awfully hard-worked. Don't bother; we'll get it."

"Thank you, sir. Yes, we're working twenty hours a day. There's the oil. I'll strike a match and you can get the cork out of—"

"No, you won't! Chuck that match away. I'd sooner waste your oil than set myself alight. Morgan! Bring the lamps here. I'll fill 'em."

"One of the lamps ain't empty at all," Morgan's voice came across the siding with a rising snarl. "It's full! It's trickling all down my cuff."

"Never mind, bring what's left. We must see before we can eat."

The lamps were filled and lighted rough-handedly, and plate by plate and tin by tin, with jack-knives for tin-openers, a meal was dragged together.

The railway staff officer suggested that it should be eaten in his room, and there enlarged on the duties and responsibilities of his office. But the company were tired. Moreover, R. S. O.'s were old birds to them. They knew not less than eighty of the breed, and a few had been R. S. O.'s themselves.

"I think," said the New Zealand doctor, skewering cold tinned herring with a pocket-knife, "before I talked about shooting rubbish up the line I'd try to burn a little of the muck that's lying about the station. Sweeping isn't any earthly good."

"Oh, that department is probably in charge of the officer commanding the Royal Engineers," said the colonial captain, with a short, dry laugh. He had served in, since the outbreak of the war, and counted thirteen engagements to his credit.

"A little of that lamp oil we wasted and a match would do wonders," the New Zealander insisted.

"Don't presume to dictate to the army," an imperial officer said, almost proudly. "I'll back a R. S. O. against any one except"—he looked across the table—"a sapper."

"We're learning. I swear we're learning." The young engineer flushed very prettily. "We aren't such fools as we were. The Colonials have taught us a lot. Take that Railway Pioneer corps that's laying down the new line on the north bank, for instance."

"Yes," the Colonial captain grunted. "They're the pick of the Rand—all mine managers and machinists and engineers and boilermakers. They're working double shifts to finish the track because they want to get home to Johannesburg. Yes, I know about them." Again he laughed unpleasantly.

"What?" the New Zealander asked.

"Oh, the usual thing. They worked day and night, and of course they wanted more than service-rations, so their commandant—Phil Tenbroek, he's a big mine manager when he's at home—bought a lot of Bovril and peameal and made soup of it and served it out to 'em at night. You can see their flare lamps across the river now if you look. Day and night they work. Well, the authorities found he'd spent five whole pounds government money and they told him he wasn't to do it. Mind you, that's now—now—now—when every day—what am I talking of?—every hour's work means thousands of pounds saved. Yes, they told him the expenditure was unauthorized."

"And then?" said the young sapper uneasily.

"Oh, then. You know Phil Tenbroek? At least I do. Phil sent a wire to Port Elizabeth on his own hook for fifty pounds' worth of Bovril and peameal. He paid out of his own pocket, of course; but Philly wants to get back to the Rand as soon as possible, and it seemed to him the quicker that new line was laid the better. And they'd have crippled the whole corps—the best engineers in the world—for a fiver! Nice tale, ain't it? True, too. Look at their flare lamps! They work."

Far away across the dark to the northward of the formless country ran a line of fire dots. The Railway Pioneer corps were at work on the new track that was to connect with the temporary trestle bridge. A dull boom came up the gorge between the kopjes.

"Blasting away the wreckage," the Colonial explained. "Risky work at night, but Phil told me he was in a hurry. Oh, Philly Tenbroek is a man. I bet he hasn't taken off his clothes for a week."

Morning, hot and sultry, put out the flare lamps on the north of the river and brought in a train load of troops from the south to be added to the acres of dusty tentage around Folly Bridge. The travellers, including McManus, had seen men and guns and buck-wagons, doctors, dust and wounded—stony hills and scrub-strewn downs—a few hundred times before. It pleased them better to observe the R. S. O. as he valiantly faced the tenth day of his official life. The four Kaffirs had been disposed of, but he was still much troubled about the broached whiskey and much annoyed by the eccentricities of lunatic civilians who, solely for the jest of it, wished to know when they could get goods up to Bloemfontein. The big railway junction thirty miles behind him was also a nuisance. It complained of a congested goods-yard, and desired him to the trucks. Now, his desire was to keep his end of the line neat and open, and, so far, he had succeeded. He drew attention with pride to the long, empty sidings which he had "saved," though he did not exactly specify the purpose of his economies. There were far too many people anxious to go to Bloemfontein. Officers, of course, if their passes were in perfect order, might be allowed, but these idle civilians, he was free to say, annoyed him. They simply had no conception of military matters, and they never seemed to think a man had orders. However, he had his orders, and, faithful as the Roman sentry overwhelmed in the lava of Vesuvius, he meant to carry them out. What otherwise was the sense of orders? He paused very often for a reply. The station in the warm, close air stank to heaven.

"Well, that's all right," said the New Zealander, "but when I was quite finished with my orders it seems to me I'd have another try at the rubbish about here. My word! Look at all that amount of unemployed labor in the camp!"

There were not fewer than two thousand men under canvas. Some of them were being drilled.

McManus went for a walk through the mimosa bushes to look at the late bridge. It cost a hundred thousand pounds, and somebody would have to account for the breakage. That, indirectly, was McManus's department.

"Have you seen McManus?" cried a private of the Railway Pioneer corps, as he rode up to the Colonial captain, sitting in the window of what had been Folly Bridge refreshment-room. "I've seen him. He looks as if he'd just come out of Adderley Street."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No; but I wanted to ask him who he expects is going to pay for the bridge."

"You will, on the Rand—after the war," the captain drawled.

"That's what I supposed, but I wish to goodness McManus could work out some scheme o' compensation that 'ud hit the Transvaal hard."

"So do I—but the war expenses will have to be paid by the Rand just the same."

"That's rather hard on us—working as volunteers to mend what the Boers have broken, and then we have the bill sent in to us at the end. McManus lent me two thousand once on stands I had in Johannesburg. I paid him before the war. Wish I hadn't now. Well, I must go on. S'long!"

At four in the afternoon a train was made up at Folly Bridge. Into this marched the passengers and their baggage, and at the hour the R. S. O. reappeared to satisfy himself that all passes were in proper order and to issue a ukase.

"You will be turned back at the other side of the river by the R. S. O. there if your passes are not countersigned by the station commandant here," he said, smiling.

"The deuce! When was that order issued?" the Colonial captain demanded.

"It isn't my fault. I've only got my orders, and—"

"Yes, yes, we know all that, but where is the station commandant?"

"I don't know. He was about here this morning, but he left after lunch."

"No—o—" reflectively from a corner of the carriage, "you wouldn't."

"Well, I hope you'll get across all right, but I tell you now that unless your passes are countersigned by Smith, station commandant, you won't be able to get across, even if you were Kitchener himself."

"I'd give a month—I'd give three months' pay to have K. of K. on this platform now—and we'd see," said the officer with the Little Man's letters.

"I'm only giving you my orders."

"And you don't know where Smith is?"

"No."

"And you expect us to hunt him all around the camp, do you? We've been seventeen—twenty-two hours in this blasted onion heap, and you and Smith between you have only just discovered—"

"Well, it isn't my fault, I'm only—"

"You ought to keep Smith on the premises then."

"That has nothing to do with me. I should recommend you to go out and look for him."

"Oh, I've no interest in the matter. I'm only going up with the Little Man's private mail. Here's the bag. I don't care. If I'm stopped on the other side it's your lookout. I'm sure the Little Man would be quite pleased."

"Oh, there's McManus!" said the Colonial captain, looking out of the window. "I suppose he's hunting Smith. Do you think they'll stop McManus if his pass isn't countersigned by Smith?"

"Who's McManus?" A giggle of deep delight interrupted the R. S. O. "Oh, that civilian. 'Pon my word you'd think Bloemfontein was Piccadilly. They're all wanting to go up there."

"Thank you," said the Colonial. "I'm afraid we'll have to be turned back the other side. Perhaps if we say we couldn't find Smith they'll forgive us."

"Well, I'm only giving you my order—"

The train rolled out nearly half a mile, and halted in a deep cutting. The passengers stepped out over ankles into the sand, that slid under their feet, and their baggage followed them. A gaggle of Kaffirs marched away with bags and bedding rolls and the company followed depressedly. They expected to be met on the other side by a train from the north which in God's good time would go back to Bloemfontein.

"But—but what do they want to stop in the middle of a cutting for?" said the New Zealander. "I wouldn't have minded walking a hundred yards on the level back there. They might have made a decent platform there. I believe I've twisted my ankle climbing up the bank."

"Oh, this isn't a patch to what it is the other side," said an officer on the bridge-works. And they walked and they walked until they reached the pontoon, a hundred feet below. McManus's face seemed a little set as it were—set, but in no wise troubled.

"Did he find Smith?" the Colonial asked, as they climbed the desperate north bank, down which buck-wagons were sliding in billows of dust. Here again fifty men's labor for two days would have greatly smoothed the road. "He said he didn't," his companion replied.

"Oh, glory!" said the Colonial, and hopping over a boulder fell into a bush. A hundred feet of river bank through deep sand at the end of a mile walk is not easy to negotiate; and it was a dewy-browed detachment that broke through the scrub and landed panting among the rocks at the ganger's hut on the north side of the bridge. But the R. S. O. who received them there was cool and utterly calm. He wished to know whether their passes were in order, and a hush of delicious awe fell upon the company. Was it possible? they asked of one another—was it conceivable that . . .

McManus climbed the slope into the Orange Free State easily and dispassionately, his lower jaw protruding perhaps one-sixtieth of an inch beyond the normal clinch. The travellers—brothers in that great joy—made a little semicircle about the R. S. O.—the R. S. O. of the north bank of Folly Bridge—about him and about McManus of the Corporate Equatorial Bank. It was heavenly weather. There was no accommodation of any sort or description, for the ganger's hut was occupied by the military telegraphers.

"May I trouble you for your pass, please?"

McManus produced it clumsily. He was more accustomed to demand than to supply documents of identification.

"Yes—yes—this is all right." The company winked as with one eyelid—"but I don't see that"—the officer turned it over—"that it has been countersigned by Smith."

"Captain Smith was in his bath when I went to him at Folly Bridge at three forty-five. He sent a verbal message that it would be all right—so far as I understood, through the door, at the time."

"I'm afraid I can't help that." The R. S. O. paused uneasily. McManus, in gray tweeds, black bowler and immaculate white collar, gave him not the slightest help.

"This pass is no good." The sentence came out in a rush.

"Indeed." There was a meekness about McManus and a silence on the little knot of bystanders that would have warned any other than an imported imperial alien that that kopje was occupied in force.

"No. You'll have to go back across the river to get Smith's signature. I can't let you up on that pass." This very cheerfully.

Whole hierarchies had signed it. Lions and unicorns ramped on the top of it. It appealed, as has been said, to earth, fire and water—to horseflesh, steam and steel, and all in command thereof, to forward with speed and courtesy R. K. McManus to Bloemfontein, but it lacked the signature of Smith—that Smith who was then towelling himself two miles away.

"I must go back?" McManus's clear eyes travelled down the rocky slope behind him, to the far pontoon and the further south bank, where a few soldiery, pink as prawns and at that distance not much larger, were bathing, climbed the wooded bank beyond and rested with disfavor on the domino small houses of Folly Bridge.

"Yes, go back, of course, and get Smith to sign it."

A lesser man would have said, "I will see you damned first," but McManus was in no sense small. His face did not even flush. He turned away slowly, as though the matter had no further interest for him, and the R. S. O. dealt with the other passes. As a matter of detail not one carried the magic signature of Smith. The officer in charge of the Little Man's private mail almost implored the R. S. O. to stop him for twenty-four hours, because he wished to learn whether there was any truth in the current army legend that under no circumstances would the Little Man swear. The officer in charge of the staff's mail followed suit. He had two bags of official correspondence for the staff, and there were generally among them men who could swear. He, too, prayed to be turned back. The officer with the new maps in the Intelligence Department joined in his entreaties.

"After all," said one cheerily, as they sat down on their bedding rolled in the gathering dust, "what does it matter, old man? You're bound to be Stellenbosch in three days."

Now, Stellenbosch is not a name to use lightly, for there go the men who—have not done quite so well; and the R. S. O.'s face clouded as he asked for an explanation.

"Haven't you stopped McManus?" said one, who knew his man.

"Who's McManus?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Never mind—you'll find out before Tuesday."

"The only person I've stopped was that civilian, who hadn't got his pass signed by Smith. I can't accept a verbal message across the Orange River."

"Quite right. You'll be getting all your messages from Bloemfontein in a little while. I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle."

"I don't think McManus minds much though," the Colonial captain snarled soothingly. "I spoke to him just now. He says he is going on."

"I'll take dashed good care he doesn't," said the R. S. O., exploding. This was something he could understand.

"Yes; he's going on the train when she comes in; so you'll have another chance, you see. If you stop him as he gets in I suppose he will go back to Cape Town, and he'll tell the Little Man why. He's rather busy, and he won't be able to come up again."

"But—confound it all—does he expect the whole blessed Orange Free State to wait on his business?"

"It would be rather a bad job if she didn't—just now. He's the head of the Corporate Equatorial Banking Corporation, and he has been called up to Bloemfontein rather urgently to put the finances of the place straight. He isn't going up for pleasure, you know."

Somebody lit a pipe; and in the hush you could hear the great river running through the dry hills. A far-away voice on the construction engine, backed close up to the bridge, called to some one under a staging:

"McManus goin' up to Bloemfontein to-night?"

"Ye-es."

"That means business—thank God!"

"Why-y?"

"Why? 'Cause they don't care one scarlet weir for the whole army—the Boers don't. They reckon they can get them withdrawn if they win the game in London, but 'openin' the bank at Bloemfontein means business. That's why. It teaches the Dutch more than twenty battles. Wonder they don't try to cut the line and nab him to-night."

The silence by the ganger's hut continued unbroken for twenty puffs.

"And he did wait outside Smith's door while Smith was washing—because I saw him. I wouldn't have done it," said an imperial officer, slowly, "but I suppose he wished to see precisely what sort of fools we can be when we go in for war."

"And you've told him to walk two miles back and two miles here again," said the New Zealander, "to get Smith's signature."

"And there's no guarantee Smith won't be having a haircut and shampoo when he reaches there," the Colonial captain added. "We knew in Cape Town a week ago McManus had been called up. But, of course, if he hasn't Smith's signature that settles it."

"What does it matter? Let the brute frolic round the kopjes till Smith's dry. He's only the boss of the biggest bank in the country. Who cares for how much they want him at Bloemfontein? I'd put a guard on him and march him back in irons, by Jove!" said a cavalry officer. "I say, old man, didn't it ever occur to you to knock off the points of some of those beastly rocks that we're supposed to sit on? They're infernally nubby."

One by one the stars came out over the hills and the flare lamps of the never-sleeping Pioneer Corps puffed and blazed afresh in the river bed. Last of all came the train from the north, and when McManus and his secretary rose up to take the places reserved for them at Bloemfontein the R. S. O. took no notice.

No more, for that matter, did McManus.

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DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"YOU . . . DON'T KNOW THE INFLUENCES, THE TEMPTATIONS"

THE BALM OF GILEAD

By GEORGE HIBBARD, Author of "The Governor, and Other Stories," etc.



THE SOFT GLOOM of the hot June evening had slowly deepened until it was dark. As dark, at least, as it was going to be until the thin moon crescent had sunk below the trees above which it was shining with just light enough to cast a faint shadow. In the blackness under the trees the first fireflies of the summer were gleaming and glowing. These and the moon were all the lights that were to be seen, for on the side toward the garden the windows of the house were dark and the two figures on the veranda were nearly lost to sight—would have been almost indistinguishable to any one standing even on the steps; a fact that was considered to have its advantages by one of the occupants of the large veranda chairs, at least.

It was very still. Only occasionally there was to be heard the quick snort of an engine at the distant station, or the sharp nervous bark of a dog from the small town, on the outskirts of which the house stood. The wide, elm-bordered street itself lay in perfect stillness. And yet it was not deserted; for, from the veranda, it was possible to see gathered about the gate a small dark crowd, and here and there in the street groups of two and three were standing together talking eagerly, but in tones that could not be heard at any distance.

Dark, quiet, calm as it was, there was still an electric quality in the atmosphere. There was an unseen influence astric that made the nerves tingle and the breath come rapidly. The people in the road did not long stand in one position, and the form of each group changed from moment to moment. It had been so for two days—the subdued excitement increasing until the air seemed charged with it. At first, those who passed had begun to look at the house, then to loiter visibly, and at last had frankly paused before the gate and, gathering together, formed such groups as were now to be seen there. And yet it was only a quiet, ordinary street of a sort of which there are thousands up and down the country. The house was only a simple, unpretentious wooden house of a kind of which there are hundreds of thousands—and a very blessed thing it is—through the length and breadth of the land. There was nothing beyond the usual to attract the eye—but the ear. In the stillness of the summer night, above the dull hum of the insects, above the low murmur of the voices of the crowd, there was to be caught a sharp, hard sound. "Click-click-click-click" it went. And the sharp beat of the busy little telegraphic instrument explained at once the situation to an American who knew the year and the day of the month—and there was hardly one who did not, and was not, more or less actively, interested in the issue.

For the other end of the wire that finished in this quiet house, in this quiet village street, found at its terminus a very different scene. A vast space crowded with noisy thousands. Surrounding the big building were crashing bands and cheering multitudes. Beyond, a great crowded city with the intensity of its excitement growing until all rest and quiet was impossible and only in movement and tumult was there any relief. Inside the huge structure there was only quiet from moment to moment, each period of comparative calm being succeeded by minutes of clamorous din, each greater than the preceding; for the drama that had been played out for two days beneath the eyes of twenty thousand spectators was reaching its last act—its climax. The roll had

already been called for the "nominations" for Presidency, and one after the other, State after State, through the words of its most skillful speaker, had advanced the claims of its "favorite son." As each name had been "brought before the convention" the scene of frenzied excitement had been repeated again and again—a "demonstration" lasting sometimes for ten minutes at least. And the little wire running miles through the darkness connected the two scenes so that the excitement that was felt in the still country street was but a wave of the tide that rolled over the distant convention. For one of the names that were received with the loudest acclaim was the name of the man who sat in the small library of the small house with a few of his more intimate friends and neighbors gathered about him. The autumn before he had, running for Governor, carried his State with a surprising majority and had at once become a factor in the great game of President-making that had been carried on all winter. There was little known about him, but that was rather for him than against him, and all through the snowy months mysterious men had been coming and going from this small State capital where he lived. Almost before he knew it he had a national reputation, and a little dazzled by the bright light so suddenly beating upon him, he found himself perplexed by the unaccustomed disturbances of his usual, simple life.

"Click-click-click," went the small instrument, and as it beat out its message a man rapidly transcribed the words and handed the sheet of paper to another—the Governor's private secretary—who was also seated at the table.

"The convention will take a recess of ten minutes," he read as the page was handed to him, "before proceeding to take the first ballot."

Where the two were seated on the veranda the words could be distinctly heard through the open windows of the room next to the library. "It will be all settled in a few minutes now," said a girl's clear voice, in which was discernible the vibrations of high nervous excitement.

"I hope that you will not be disappointed, Edna," said a young man, slowly and gently.

"Oh, think of what it means to me!" she answered, almost pleadingly, certainly as if she were defending herself against some accusation. "I've always been ambitious as—as an American girl," she went on, with a little laugh. "And now a chance has come for me to see—to feel—all that I've been dreaming about all these years. We shall go to Washington. I shall see all the people about whom I've been reading—do all the things that they did. Think how I've always lived, Gus—cooped up in this little place, and then to have the doors opened this way and see—oh! see such things."

She was a pretty, slight, dark-haired girl, and as she gazed it seemed as if her dark eyes caught some new light from the bright scenes she saw.

"And then knowing the things, and then being in the middle of things," she went on, "and perhaps having a little—the littlest finger in the pie myself."

The young man smiled sadly. "It is just as I knew that it would be," he said. "The prospect of being the daughter of a President has turned your head."

"It hasn't!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I'm only looking at the reasonable possibilities of the situation. And would any sane person disregard them? Think of how wide and large such a life will be. Think of the people I shall meet—the men and the women: the men who are directing the fortunes of the country, who from all parts of it are helping to

make it what it is; the women who rule society, who have their influence to use for good and for evil—of which I may have a little, too."

"And the idle foreign diplomats who will think of you without respect—the rich young stuffs who won't take the trouble even to be respectful; the girls who never think of anything but amusement and flirtation, whose most serious thoughts are of a rich marriage and a big establishment—one of which you will become."

"Oh, Gus, how can you say such things!" she argued.

"Don't you know me better?"

"It's you," he said gravely, "who don't know the influences, the temptations."

For a moment she was silent.

"Oh, how cruel you are!" she cried at last. "Can't you understand?"

"Yes," he said, a little grimly, "I can—I do understand—I have been understanding. You don't love me, Edna, and I love you so."

Again for a moment she was silent.

"I don't know why you say that," she replied slowly;

"I—I never told you that I did—not."

"But you have never told me that you did—directly," he said.

"Oh!" he exclaimed bitterly, "I know that a doctor in a place like this—a place that has got to be an old story to you and of which you think you are tired—has not got much to offer, particularly when you think of all the glories that you imagine are waiting for you."

"You don't believe I am quite like that, do you?" she said reproachfully; "and that I am already one of those girls—already thinking of a rich marriage and a big establishment?"

"I don't know," he replied with the resentful insistence of a lover. "It all seems very wonderful, I have no doubt, and I suppose it is. I should not wonder that you think of all these things. I am unreasonable to expect anything else."

"You know how I like you, Gus," said the girl impulsively, "how fond I am of you. Oh, we have known each other so long, and we have had so much together that—I cannot bear to have you speak so. And any girl who had led my life would be interested and excited by such a prospect as I have."

He was a sensible young fellow, and in spite of the intolerant unreasonableness of love, he could not quite bring himself to deny that this was true.

"It would make any girl think," she urged.

"No," he said, the increasing jealousy of the true lover of anything that comes between him and his will again mastering him, "not if she truly loved a man."

"Gus," she said, getting up from the chair in which she had been sitting and placing herself in the low-hung hammock almost at his feet, "do you suppose that it is a test?"

"If you loved me really you wouldn't think of it," he said desperately.

"I wonder," she mused, resting her chin on her hand and gazing off into the darkness where the gleam of the fireflies caught her eyes.

The noisy little instrument beat with increasing irregularity, "click-click," but evidently the messages it gave were of no moment, for the operator sat motionless though expectant, a pencil in his hand. The steady click-click could be heard on the veranda, and its impatient hurry seemed to affect the girl's nerves—to make her newly restless.



PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN S

SENATOR WOLCOTT OF COLORADO (1) IS ADDRESSING THE CONVENTION AND STANDS TO THE LEFT OF MARK HANNA (2). SEATED IN SECTION IS EX-SENATOR QUAY (6). IN THE MASSACHUSETTS SECTION IS SENATOR LODGE (7). IN THE LEFT OF THE P



IN SESSION AT PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JUNE 19

SEATED IN THE NEW YORK SECTION ARE SENATOR PLATT (3), GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT (4), CHAUNCEY DEPEW (5). IN THE PENNSYLVANIA SECTION OF THE PICTURE, IN THE UTAH SECTION, IS THE ONLY WOMAN DELEGATE TO THE CONVENTION, MRS. W. H. JONES (8)

"Isn't the ten minutes over yet?" she exclaimed impatiently. "Will they never begin?"

"You will know soon now," he said. Then in a lower tone he added, "And so shall I."

"What is that, Gus?" she asked; for her thoughts had wandered.

"I said that I should know the truth soon," he replied.

"But father may not be nominated," she said.

"And then you would marry me," he exclaimed. "Because there would not be—this. Edna, it wouldn't be then because you loved me—and neither of us could forget that it was just an accident."

"What!" said the girl, looking up with startled suddenness. "Oh, Gus! I see what you mean. I must decide before we know what they do."

"Dear," he said, leaning forward and taking her hands. "I want you too much not to take you any way; but if it happened that way it would be different. Not only would it be different for me, but it would be different for you. For you could not be sure that your love was love and not—disappointment."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and, snatching her hands away, she rested her bent head upon them, looking fixedly at the boards of the veranda.

The operator's pencil hung above the pad of yellow paper, ready to transcribe the first important word that the impatiently clattering instrument clicked out. The private secretary was bent forward over the table, ready to receive the message and read it aloud. Besides these two there were not over half a dozen persons in the room—a veteran of politics living in the place, who had seen many conventions, and now from age was missing the first in generations; the president of the local bank, who represented the "society" of the town; the editor of the local newspaper. Besides these there were the law partner of the Man himself, the clergyman of the church a little further up the almost grass-grown street, the Man's wife and the Man. He was a particularly noticeable man—perhaps a little over the usual height, but not much, with certainly the usual beard of the generation that began active life with the Rebellion. But the unusual thing was, that being such a usual man he found himself in such an unusual position. Dimly he felt the strangeness of it, but only dimly; for he was not an imaginative person, and events impressed him rather for what they were than for what they meant. Still, even he felt something of the dramatic nature of the situation, and the result was to make all seem very unreal—himself with the rest. The moment seemed, as it were, to detach him from himself so that all that he had thought, felt, lived or done appeared to him a part of the life of some other person, into whose soul he was in some mysterious manner able to look. There has always been a belief that in the merest second a drowning man re-lives his whole life. In truth, there is something about every crisis, every culminating moment in human existence, that brings into it quick retrospection, and a man in the most important moment of his career is as often as not thinking, not of what is, but what has been. It was so with the Man now. He was not thinking of what was going on in that distant convention hall. He was thinking of times long past. Of the times when he used to run barefoot in the woods that then came up so close to what was then hardly a village; even of little things, of a "three-base hit" that he made which brought in two winning runs; of a big dive made from a pile of goods on the pier into the river. There was no order in his thoughts nor any reason, and he could not have explained why next he was thinking of the office where he had "studied law" and a particular ink stain on his desk that was so very remarkably like the American Eagle on a seal. It was, perhaps, because he glanced across at his wife that he thought of the days of "courtship." She was a handsome woman now, with very little white in her black hair and with eyes as bright as ever. He remembered how pretty she had been at the Fourth of July celebration at which he had delivered the "oration"—as he had seen her sitting in the buggy in which she had driven with her father from the farm. And how often, after that, another buggy had driven to that farm, and how often the horse had stood tied by the gate to the great content of the owner; for, indeed, by all village liverymen the great God of Love might be taken for a patron deity. The horse was tied so long to one particular panel of the fence that the grass was all nipped and worn away, leaving a spot which, when it was pointed out to her, caused the young woman to blush hotly and hurriedly talk of something else to cover her confusion. And then the horse ceased to be tied to the gate and the young woman ceased to abide in the house. It had been a long, a troubled courtship, but after they were married all the difficulties and dangers of it seemed to bring them only the closer together. The very anxieties and sufferings that in part made it, appeared a firmer basis for their happiness; since it is the way of this world, those having suffered together are brought nearer, one to the other. And as he thought of his own "courtship" he thought of what he knew was going forward on the veranda at the moment. He had watched the matter with the apparent indifference of the American father who knows his own powerlessness very materially to affect the result, but still with a natural and pardonable interest in what was going forward. It was their only daughter—their only child—and her happiness was everything. He was anxious—undoubtedly anxious—and again he looked at his wife. She was gazing at the clicking instrument. Raising he drew near her and, bending over, he whispered stealthily: "Edna is on the veranda with young Wingate."

The woman looked up almost impatiently.

"Oh, the child can take care of herself," she said, for the moment her interest more with the fortunes of the man she had married than with the child itself.

"How long they are!"

"Getting a little nervous, squire?" croaked the old politician. "Well, it's only natural. I see Abram Lincoln himself nervous before his second nomination, when it was all settled sure. Well, I don't think you've any call to be afraid."

"With seven delegations pledged and three with cast-iron instructions, it's got to be all right," said the Editor decidedly.

The Man smiled and, without speaking, returned to the chair in which he had been sitting.

Suddenly the pencil of the operator lighted on the paper and hurried over the page. With a jerk he handed it to the Private Secretary, and before it was out of his left hand his right was busy transcribing another message.

"The roll-call of States will at once begin for the ballot for President," read the Secretary as calmly as he could.

Then came the State vote in detail, beginning with Alabama. The Editor wrote down the figures as they were received. The Secretary was reading the vote of Colorado, and had nearly finished when another paper was thrust into his hands.

"Connecticut, the first Northern State reached, cast its vote solid for —" It was the name of the Man, and each member of the small party stirred excitedly, the Editor rising to his feet in his agitation, only, however, to seat himself in a moment to go on with his figuring.

"That's one doubtful that's all right," he cried. "And it's the North and East we want. We've got the West sure."

With varying purport the messages poured in, State after State declaring itself, until on the paper before the Editor there were long rows of figures. By the time Ohio and Oregon had been reached his eyes were shining brightly and he was running his left hand excitedly through his hair.

"As good as what?" he cried. "A little more and it might have been on the first ballot."

Already, before the vote of Washington had been received, he had added up the lines of figures, including the certain vote of the following States, and the result was known. To be sure, the name of the Man stood second on the list, but this itself was a victory.

"That'll show them," cried the Editor, and as he spoke the operator handed the message to the Secretary.

"It is almost certain — will be nominated on the second ballot."

Again it was the name of the Man, and the old politician could not refrain from a hoarse cheer, like the cracked roar of an old lion.

And the Man sat silent, glowing with the excitement that had at last gained on him, realizing, as he never had before, how much victory would mean to him—and how much defeat.

Outside on the dark veranda the two had sat for some moments in silence. One after the other they heard the messages read in the Secretary's somewhat formal voice, from which it was, however, impossible even for him to keep a slight tremor of excitement. Indeed, from the first announcement that the convention was about to begin the ballot few words had been spoken by either, and once in her restlessness the girl had risen and walked two or three times backward and forward across the narrow space. She had not sat down, but stood with her hands on the railing, still watching the fireflies, though clearly with no thought of their tiny fireworks.

"It is almost certain," she repeated, as the last despatch was received, "that papa"—she laughed a little hysterically—"will be nominated on the next ballot."

"Yes," said the young man, rising; "and then good-by."

"Oh, Gus!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes," he replied, almost obstinately. "If you are thinking of all this you can't be thinking of me. And I know it is selfish, but I want all your thoughts—all your life. It's because I love you so that I can't be happy without all your love."

"And you want me to say—now?" asked the girl.

"If you could," he said, with a change of tone. "Don't you see what it would mean for both of us? A security for all our lives. It is a great thing, I know, and a great change. I am a selfish brute, I know. I should say go and enjoy it, but I can't let you go—if you will stay."

"Hush!" said the girl, as she caught the first tones of the Secretary's dry voice.

"A demonstration is taking place occasioned by the first mention of —" was the name in the second ballot," he read, and again it was the name of the Man. "The convention has gone wild and passed beyond all control."

"Listen!" she said, her eyes flashing and her little hands tightly clenched. "Isn't it perfectly fine? Oh, you see the nomination is certain, and think of all there will be! Oh, yes, you will dance with me at the Inauguration Ball!"

"You wouldn't want to dance with me then," he replied sadly. "No, Edna, it's now or never with us. Within a few moments the nomination will be made. That time is going to decide our fate. Oh, it is decided now," he said, turning away. "I know. I might as well go."

"Gus," she said, holding out her hand.

"No," he answered, with all the cruelty of a lover to himself; "good-by!"

Again the Secretary's hard voice broke the momentary stillness:

"The ballot was resumed only to be interrupted again by the announcement that the vote of California has been changed and goes solid to —" And once more it was the Man's name. "No attempt is being made to continue the ballot, as the convention is again in such an uproar."

"That makes it almost sure," said the girl in a low tone. "I know all they have said and how they have counted. Can I give it up—oh, how can I?"

He was standing on the edge of the step, but springing to her side he folded her in his arms.

"It may be for the last time," he said, "but, Edna, I've got to kiss you again." And he kissed her a score of times on her hair, her eyes and her lips. Then, starting away as swiftly as he had drawn near to her, he stood again at the foot of the veranda steps before she realized his intention.

"The excitement is still unabated, and it looks almost as if —" (once more the name of the Man) "would be nominated by acclamation," droned the voice of the Secretary, reading the last despatch that had been handed to him.

It is doubtful if the girl even heard the words. She felt her lover's arm about her—the kisses that he had so suddenly and resolutely taken; and she knew that she must decide on the moment. The next instant might bring a message announcing the nomination, and with it all the probability of all of which she had dreamed. The decision must be made now or the power to decide freely might be lost—and he was waiting.

"The convention is still unable to resume business," read the Secretary. "The nomination may come at any moment."

The young man took a step downward and stood on the ground. It was so dark—for the little light from the new moon was gone—that she could hardly see him, and then in a minute she knew.

"Gus," she cried, "I know. I don't care anything about the thing. Come back. I only care about you. I only want you."

In an instant he was again beside her, with his arms about her.

The Editor's brows were drawn as he put down the last figure. "Illinois," he said, "throwing her vote against us! What deal have they got up?"

For the last two or three moments there had been silence in the room, for the last news had not been encouraging, and things happen quickly in a convention.

"Illinois," he said, "that's been firm as a rock. But it can't mean anything."

The Man did not know. The crisis had come, and he realized it, and was in a mystified fashion bracing himself for what might happen.

"It is now evident," read the Secretary, "that the enthusiasm has hitherto been chiefly confined to the galleries. The delegates are now, however, joining in the ovation to —"

It was the name of the Man's rival, the name that had stood at the top of the list at the first ballot, and he winced a little.

"That's the worst of these conventions—they're so erratic," murmured the Banker.

"Will he feel it greatly?" asked the Clergyman in a low tone from the Man's wife.

She shook her head sadly, with an expression that meant more than any assurance.

"Oh, I don't know what he'll do," and she added under her breath, "or I."

"Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" murmured the old man.

With the next announcement it was evident that the break had come.

"How have they done it?" muttered the Editor, with a hoarse oath. Then three fourths down the list of States the result was reached. The dozen votes necessary to obtain a sufficient majority were given—given on the wrong side—delegations were tumbling over each other to get their votes changed, and the Man was defeated.

"It's a — fake!" muttered the Editor, starting up and abandoning his useless calculation.

The Man sat with bowed head, gazing at the floor. No one dared address him, and it was only when his wife, approaching, took his hand, that he looked up.

"It seems they've got us," he said wearily.

"Yes," she replied; "but don't you care. This isn't all there is."

He shook his head sadly.

"You mustn't take it so," she continued; "what does it matter? In no time you'll have forgotten it—you'll see."

Again he shook his head, without speaking.

At that instant the blinds closing the windows were thrown quickly open, and the girl who had been on the veranda, bursting into the room, stood disclosed in all her prettiness.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "I don't know whether to tell you or make you guess. But you couldn't, and so I'll tell you. Gus and I are going to be married."

The Man looked up with quick attention, while the girl flew to her mother and buried her head on her shoulder.

"It's all come so suddenly that it's wonderful; and I am so happy—I didn't know that I could be so happy."

"Yes," said the young man, advancing, "and I hope that you will let us be married soon."

The Man smiled as he took the other by the hand.

"I'm going to buy the Mayhew house and we'll be quite near," the young man went on.

"No," said the older one briskly, "you shall have the lot next door and build. Edna'll like that better, and I've got an idea of just the kind of house I'd like to put up for her."

Already there was animation in his tone and quickness in his eyes. At once, with the announcement of his daughter's engagement, the every-day interests of life had returned—the cares and affections that after all make the most and the best of the existence of each of us had retaken their place in his heart.

"Yes," said the old Minister softly. "There is a Balm in Gilead—there is a physician there."

THE END

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK

(SEE MAP ON PAGE 27)

THE PRESENT political campaign inevitably challenges comparison and contrast with the one of 1896. Some of the principal issues will be the same; the same protagonists—McKinley and Bryan—will confront each other; and there will be the same sectional alignment of parties and of factions.

To one who takes only a surface view of the situation, it might seem that the Democrats are at last face to face with a brilliant opportunity. The postal scandals and the long retention of troops in Cuba have offended thousands; the course of the Administration in levying a tariff tax on Porto Rico has alienated millions; and the blood that has been shed in the Philippines in suppressing the struggle for independence has aroused almost as much indignation, in many quarters, as if the bayonets of our troops were levelled at American breasts. But the appearance is illusory. Before the cry of "Who will haul down the flag?" all of the terrible aftermath of war will be accepted; and before the cry of "expediency" and "inevitableness" the violation of the pledges to Porto Rico and the scandals in Cuba will be condoned or forgiven.

What promised to be one of the most interesting features of the campaign has already been eliminated. This was the unique candidacy of Admiral George Dewey. There was no room on the platform of either of the great parties for the hero of Manila. He and his friends thought that the people would be glad to honor the hero of the single brilliant achievement of the war that was not marred by bickerings and jealousies. But when he stood up alone, without a party or a faction, to receive the honor of his country, he was merely laughed at as a ludicrous, if a deeply pathetic, figure. The result might have been different if he had been as prompt to claim his honors as he was to attack the enemy at Cavite.

Of the three congenitions whose deliberations will have weight upon the results of the campaign two have already been held. The People's party, familiarly known as the Fusion Populists, to distinguish them from the "Middle-of-the-Road Populists," met in Sioux City May 10, and the Republicans met in Philadelphia June 18-21. The Democrats will meet in Kansas City early in July. The two conventions have cleared the air, and the issues of the campaign are now well defined. The Republicans accepted the issues as de-

ruined for them by the war. The Fusion Populists, with more than a million votes, have again taken the initiative, as in 1896, and dictated the issues to the Democrats. The chairman of that convention boasted that, if the People's party should hold a great parade, like the ancient Caesars, it "would have the right to lead in procession before the assembled people and the government as its chief captives the Democratic party and the platform it had adopted." And the oast was justified.

What, then, are the issues to be fought for in the present campaign?

This is to be an "anti-" campaign. Democracy is "anti" to everything that Republicanism has done or believes in. There will be the new, but already familiar, issues of anti-imperialism, anti-expansion, anti-foreign wars for conquest or glory, anti-Porto Rican tariff, anti-continued interference in Cuba, anti-trust, and, revived by the recent strike in St. Louis, anti-government by injunction. Nearly all of these are the fruits of war. There will also be the money issue—the cry pitched, however, in a minor key—and the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 will be demanded in the tones of the now dead and cold zealotry of the builders of the Chicago platform. Instead of emphasizing "free silver," the Democrats may lay stress upon the demand for "free men." The Chicago platform will be re-affirmed as a matter of course, but the Democracy will have to face the fighting line of the Republican forces on issues created by a successful war.

The strength of the Republicans, measured in electoral votes, is greater to-day than it was in 1896. Wherever they have lost popular votes, with the single exception of Kentucky, they had votes to spare—in the overwhelmingly Republican States of the East. On the other hand, the Democrats will probably lose States, and not votes merely. Local military enthusiasm will probably be the cause of their losing several Western States, while it does not appear likely, at this time, that the Republicans will lose more than the 12 of the 13 electoral votes of Kentucky, which were thrown to McKinley in 1896. The Democrats will also lose heavily in New York, because of the revelations connected with the Lee "Trust," but it will hardly jeopardize the party position in the State.

The doubtful States—those in which a change is probable—may be set down as Kentucky, Washington, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, and, possibly, Kansas.

It seems practically certain that McKinley will lose Kentucky, on account of the killing of Goebel, the Democratic leader. As Bryan received one of the electoral votes of Kentucky in 1896, the Republicans will lose 12 votes. On the other hand, McKinley should take from Bryan the 4 votes of Washington, the 3 of Wyoming, the 4 of South Dakota, and the one he received in California; or a total of 12. This would only offset his loss in Kentucky, and this is the most probable result of the election. But McKinley has good winning probabilities in Nebraska, because of the military fervor of the West; and, if these 8 votes are obtained, the Electoral Colleges would cast their vote as follows: McKinley, 279; Bryan, 168. In 1896 it was, McKinley, 271;

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Bryan, 176. This would be a gain for McKinley, and a corresponding loss for Bryan, of 8 electoral votes.

Republican politicians also count upon a sweeping change in Kansas, due to the war. Should Kansas give her 10 electoral votes to McKinley, the result would be, counting in Nebraska: McKinley, 289; Bryan, 158. It is doubtful, however, if the enthusiasm over Funston and other Kansan heroes is as deep as politicians are prone to fancy, and the result, taking Kansas out of the calculation, may be predicted as: McKinley, 279; Bryan, 168.

As to the popular vote, which in 1896 was: McKinley, 7,104,779; Bryan, 6,502,925; it seems likely that the Republicans will largely increase their plurality. In 1896 this was 601,854 over the Democrats, and it seems probable that it will exceed a million in the coming election.

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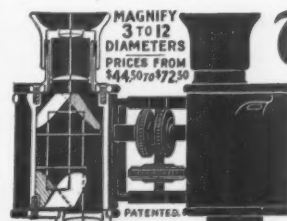
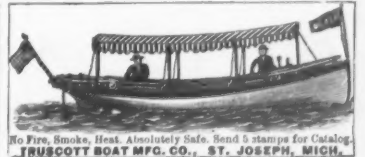
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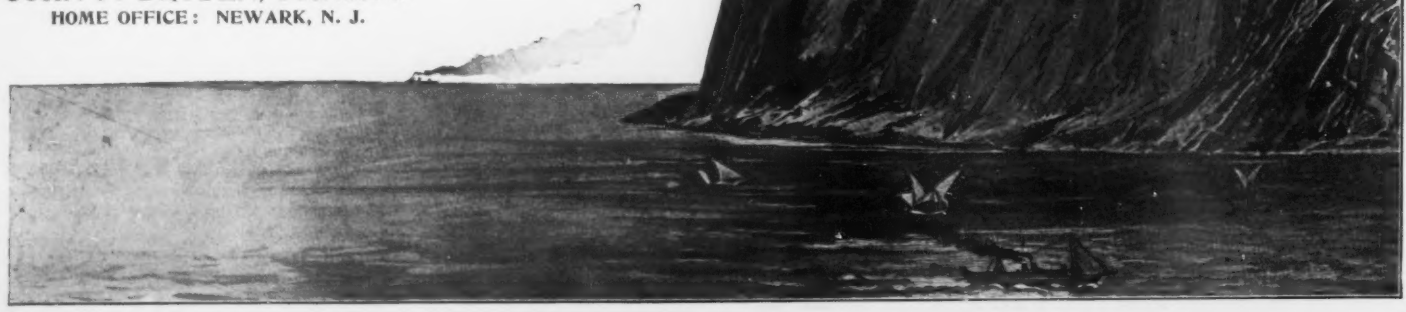
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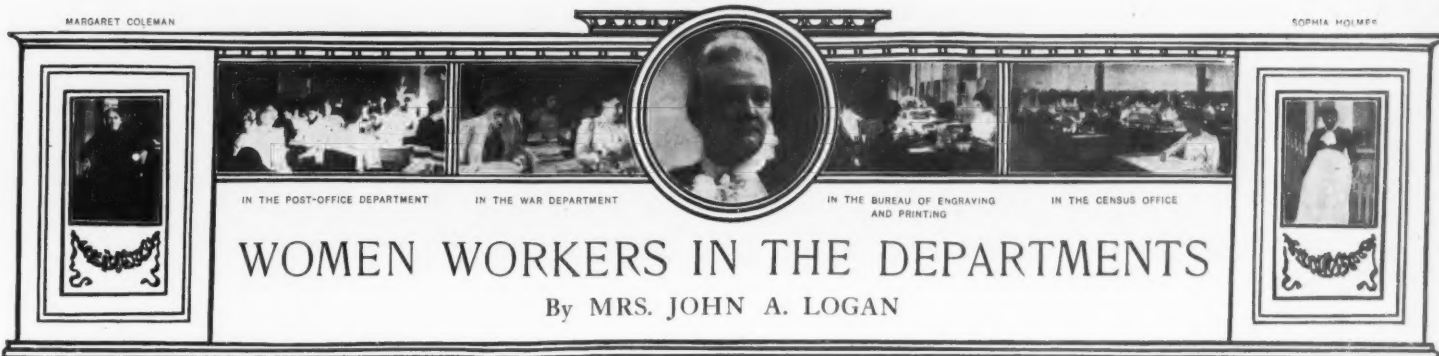
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MARGARET COLEMAN

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SOPHIA HOLMES



WOMEN WORKERS IN THE DEPARTMENTS

By MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

FEW PERSONS in this day of almost universal employment of women in every branch of industry and every department of Government, municipal, state and national, realize that war, grim-visaged war, first necessitated the opening in this country of such avenues to women. They had of course found plenty of opportunities for manual labor in the manufactories in New England and other sections, and were allowed to work beside men and boys at about half the compensation paid to the stronger sex.

In 1861, however, when the tocsin of war called the men of the nation to arms, many hands were needed for the production of the multiplied necessities of a great army of men suddenly called into the field, and who were obliged to drop civil avocations for military service. First their places in the agricultural field were taken by wives, mothers and sisters. Then the number employed in the factories was doubled and trebled. Then came the authorization through congressional legislation for the issuance of the currency, and the "Greenbacks" that supplied the finances of the Government. The counting, numbering and preparing of these thin bits of money, that represented all the way from five cents to thousands of dollars, required nimble and honest fingers. General Francis E. Spinner, the treasurer, whose characteristic signature was so familiar on every issue of the money and bonds of the United States for so many years, recommended to Secretary Chase to give the women, who were begging for work to support their families while sons, husbands and brothers were fighting the battles of the country, a trial at this delicate and responsible occupation. Four out of many applicants were selected to try the experiment of substituting female for the male labor that was really not then attainable. The record these noble women made banished all prejudice and demonstrated that they were a superior force, and that in handling currency, bills and bonds, their clumsy masculine associates were no match for them with their deft digits and keen intuition and touch. The barriers melted away like snow under a tropical sun. Hundreds were enrolled in the Treasury Department, Quartermaster-General's and other departments and bureaus. The widows, wives, daughters, and sisters of officers of the army and the navy, and those of soldiers and sailors, were at first given the preference under the rules adopted to carry out General Spinner's wise suggestion in solving the problem of how to secure competent people for this important work.

Very soon, however, retired civil and military officers, many the most distinguished in the country, incapacitated to longer fill the high positions they had attained, were glad to see their wives, sisters and daughters occupying these honorable places. It was considered a special mark of consideration and confidence to be chosen for the humblest place to which they were eligible. Reverses, affliction and misfortune visited almost every home in the land, and but for this refuge for many worthy women there is no knowing what would have been the fate of hundreds—or how the Government could have accomplished the difficult task of properly and promptly supplying the demands on the Treasury. We all know how many additional clerks are now engaged when bonds are issued or converted, notwithstanding the insignificance of the work compared to the enormous issues of 1861, '62 and '63.

The croakers over the departure from the old methods were numerous, and we still hear protests and criticisms on the system of employing women who cannot vote or share in political log-rolling. Some have actually had the temerity to protest against women on the ground that they were crowding men out of these places by their superior abilities, efficiency and faithfulness. And all women may point with pride to the record made by their sex, and especially to the fact that the Government has never lost one cent through the dishonesty or peculations of a woman. One woman, a long time a faithful clerk in the Treasury, became the dupe of a man outside the service and did take quite a sum, but her conscience forced her to a confession and restitution of the whole amount; and so repentant was she and perfect her previous record that she was never prosecuted.

Many are familiar with the instance of poor black Caroline who made such a rich find in the waste-paper basket while cleaning in the Treasury, and who calmly sat down and stayed all night beside the priceless package until General Spinner made his appearance in the room, making his rounds as was his custom, and found her guarding the treasure she had found. She is still a much-respected charwoman, notwithstanding the ceaseless changes she has witnessed. She has probably seen more money than any living woman. She has used her savings to bring up a family of relations whom she has educated and started out as useful citizens. Her hair has whitened with the frosts of time, but her honest face is always wreathed in smiles of recognition to the high and low who greet her cordially when they meet in the halls of the Treasury.

One of the original four remains at her post; one has passed to her reward; and two were discharged by Secretary Carlisle through the conniving of his son when he was chief clerk. Their cases emphasize the importance of a civil pension roll in this country.

I have known personally hundreds of women employed by the Government, and believe that it can be truthfully said that no more noble or worthy class live. Scarcely one can be found among the hundreds who has not others depending upon her for support, the majority having invalids, aged

parents, or orphaned children for whose maintenance they must provide.

Often in poor health or weary with their daily routine duties, in sunshine and storm they report at 9 A.M. and leave at 4 P.M., with only thirty minutes for a hasty luncheon at noon. And yet we hear threats of increasing the hours of labor for clerks, which would doubtless be done but for the fear of a strike by their male associates, who can always have their way by shaking the dreaded ballot at the law-makers in Congress. For be it known, employees of the Government are not *de facto* residents of the District of Columbia, and each holds with tenacity to his legal residence in some State of the Union.

The widow of Governor Ford of Ohio was for many years a clerk in the Treasury; the daughters of Chief-Justice Taney; the sister of Murdock; Mrs. McCain and Mrs. Margaret Crawford of the McElwee family, every male member of which, nineteen in all, were in the Union Army. In their distress, Mrs. McCain, whose husband lay mortally wounded, applied in person to Mr. Lincoln for some place. That big-hearted Chief Executive tore a piece from a paper he held in his hand, wrote on it,

"Give this lady employment."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

and handed it to her, telling her to take it in person to the Secretary of the Treasury. She was appointed at once and remained there for years, but has joined the mighty hosts in the silent city of the dead. General Grant became the friend of Mrs. Crawford, her sister, who is still in the service, and it is to be hoped will be undisturbed in her position as long as she desires to hold the place, the patriotism of her family having earned perpetuity in her case. The widow of General Kimball, killed at Chantilly, has been in the Treasury for many years, and has rendered most valuable service.

Miss Sara Carr Upton, one of the most accomplished women now in this city, was for seventeen years a clerk and translator in the Foreign Mails Division of the Post-Office Department. Resigning her position because of impaired eyesight, she spends her time travelling and contributing to magazines, and in other literary pursuits. She is fascinating in conversation, speaks with great enthusiasm of her experience in the department, and has probably a richer fund of reminiscences of celebrated people in social and diplomatic circles she has known than almost any lady in Washington.

Mrs. Mary Abert Johnson, widow of Colonel Johnson, has been for thirty years in the Post-Office Department, and is another representative of one of the most aristocratic families of the National Capital; Miss Webber, a daughter of New England, was for years at the head of a Division in the Post-Office Department; each of these women having won their promotions to the highest grade of salaries and responsibility obtainable by women.

Miss Key, daughter of ex-Postmaster General Key, is another employé in the department in which her father was once chief, and no one ranks higher as a clerk and accomplished woman, with all the qualities of beautiful womanhood. She is now spending her legitimate vacation abroad.

If one could give the time to the examination of the records of every department of the Government, one would find illustrious names that have been borne by women who have assumed the responsibilities laid down when disability or death removed the men who made these names immortal, and would also find that these women have never dishonored or compromised them. Genuine heroism would also be found in the lives and service of humble women who have gone in and out for years, discharging their duties faithfully and well, and whose compensation, though small, has enabled them to accomplish much for their own loved ones and give aid to others worse off than themselves. A conspicuous case of this character is that of Margaret Coleman, an Irish woman, who was a nurse in the family of Jefferson Davis when he was in the Senate. When the Rebellion broke out and Senator Davis took his family South, he begged Margaret to accompany them, as his children were greatly attached to her. She said, "No, Senator, ye are doin' very wrong to go agin yer country, and as much as I love the childer I cannot go with yese." By a strange coincidence, when the Davises departed Margaret became a maid in the family of Hon. William H. Seward, and was the woman who valiantly defended Mr. Seward on the night of his attempted assassination, and carries to this day the deformity of her wrist from being thrown against the door by the assassin. This diversion of his assailant allowed Secretary Seward time to roll out of the bed on the opposite side and thereby miss the stabs intended for him, which fell upon the mattress. Subsequently Margaret held Mrs. and Miss Seward in her arms when they died.

When the Seward had all passed away she went to keep house for Senator Sumner, catering for him till the day of his death, and was accorded the honor of a seat on the floor of the Senate, the sole female mourner, at that illustrious Senator's funeral, accompanying his remains to Boston, after which Senators Dawes and Conkling secured the position of messenger which she still holds and should be allowed to occupy while she lives. No charge of carelessness or inefficiency has ever been made against her. She has raised and educated nieces and nephews, two nephews having gone into the priesthood and a niece into the sisterhood, one nephew achieving distinction in his work before his untimely death not long since.

At the close of the War of the Rebellion many of the widows and daughters of Confederate soldiers and officers came to Washington seeking employment to support themselves and their families, and very many were appointed then and every year since. The widow of General Pickett has held a position in the Post-Office Department almost all the time since the battle of Gettysburg, where her husband lost his life, which has enabled her to bring up her family. Her son, whom she educated, was appointed a paymaster in the army in 1898, and is now serving in the Philippines. Mrs. Stevens was also in the Agricultural Department for more than a quarter of a century, educating her sons, one of whom was appointed to West Point and another to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. A long list of less conspicuous persons might be given.

Mrs. Pettigrew King, a daughter of General Pettigrew of South Carolina, occupied a position in the service until her death, awarded to her in recognition of her father's loyalty during the war. Miss Erickson, another daughter of a Southern Unionist, has a splendid record in one of the departments.

Through the irrefragable service of women the doors of every department have been opened to them, until the number now almost equals if it does not exceed that of men. The adoption of the civil service, requiring examination before promotion for those already in or applying for appointment, has not discouraged or deterred them, and every time an opportunity has been offered in either case the per cent of the women candidates has exceeded that of the men, and their average percentage has been greater in every branch of the civil service. It is a curious fact that many of the women who were appointed before the days of civil service had never had any training for technical work, but by dint of intuition and determination became experts in whatever departments they were assigned to, and I believe none of them was dropped after the adoption of civil service rules in the various departments which adopted the new system. The full-fledged high school and college graduates have not been able to dislodge them by their greater percentage in these examinations. Doubtless the standard of departmental efficiency has been raised. The methods used in every branch of the civil service are better and more progressive, and yet the old clerks for the most part keep abreast with this age of education and modern improvement. It has been claimed that favoritism has sometimes been shown in the appointment of the families of sailors, soldiers, and officers of the navy and army who have lost their lives in the service; but what loyal American could complain of this recognition of service to the country? Who would have the temerity to object to the appointment of Miss Sprague, the granddaughter of the late Chief-Justice Chase; Miss Tanner, daughter of Corporal Tanner; the daughter of Admiral Amen; or the widows of the heroes of the Spanish war in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines. Mrs. Lucy Ord Mason, a daughter of General Ord, herself the widow of a soldier, deprived of support for herself and children when her brother, brave Captain Ord, lost his life in Cuba, was appointed to a position in the War Department; as also Mrs. Capron, widow of Captain Capron; Mrs. Williams, widow of Colonel Williams; Mrs. Armstrong, widow of Surgeon Armstrong; Mrs. Gilman, widow of Colonel Gilman; Mrs. Elliott, widow of Lieutenant Elliott, the dauntless young officer killed in Cuba; Mrs. Anthony, widow of "Anthony," who so calmly saluted Captain Sigbee and announced that the Maine was sinking; and many more who have been given places in the departments where they could earn a living for themselves and their families in acknowledgment of the sacrifice of the lives of their husbands for their country? And who will say that this is not right, or that it is not another evidence that our Government is one for which men can lay down their lives, knowing their loved ones will be cared for, not only through the pension bureau but through its fostering care? It is impossible for all to be borne upon the rolls, but many are and should be.

There is no question but that the result of the experiment of Secretary Salmon P. Chase, through the earnest solicitation of General Spinner, opened the avenues for the employment of women all over this country, in private enterprises and business channels. The success attained by them in every field has been noted all over the world. Wherever you travel to-day, you will find women employed as cashiers, selling railroad tickets, and in other responsible positions formerly beyond her privileges in Europe. Their quickness to adopt modern inventions in telegraphy, stenography, typewriting and the various electrical appliances, have made them formidable competitors of men, notwithstanding the ignoble standard that forces them to work for less compensation for the same service.

While discharging her duties, many of these women have met their fate, as we are wont to express the meeting of men and women who afterward become man and wife. The daughter of ex-Secretary Walker, a beautiful woman, met Hon. B. H. Brewster of Pennsylvania, who claimed her hand in marriage, and many of us remember with pleasure and pride her gracious reign in society in Washington as the wife of the Attorney-General in President Arthur's cabinet. The widow of an Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court, one of the most admired and lovely women now in the highest circle of the capital of the nation, was a clerk in the Interior Department before her marriage. They have lost nothing of their social prestige, each one having maintained the place in the social circle to which she belonged, receiving full credit for her achievements.

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THIS SUMMER has seen a good many convocations of women, in congresses, federations, and great gatherings of clubs in convention for one or another reason. Summer schools at points East and West will attract a great many still, and in Women's Councils, in Conferences of the Young Women's Christian Association, women will be much in evidence. As at the great meeting in Milwaukee, everywhere else the outward woman will be seen at her best, a creature radiant in health, beautiful with the charm of a well cultivated mind and exceedingly tasteful in her dress. If shirt waists appear as a concession to the summer temperature, they are natty and trim, jaunty in cut and perfect in fit, and the general effect of the wearer is modish and crisp, almost Parisian, though she may come from some village or hamlet remote from great centres.

Nothing offends a woman's eyes so much as a badly hung skirt, and when women appear in public, especially on a raised dais or platform, they should look to this, taking care that their skirts are sufficiently long in front. No matter how daintily shod the lady, nor how pretty her feet, she must not show them on a platform. It is still told of a peculiarly magnetic speaker, who addressed a large audience at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, that she wore heavy boots under a rich gown, and that they distracted the attention of her hearers from her finest periods.

Here and there during vacation, groups of women will study parliamentary law. They know a good deal about this already. The Woman In-The-Chair is no longer a blundering novice. The women on the floor know how to behave.

Every summer brings its tale of accidental drowning, of all heart-breaking, needless accidents the hardest to bear. Sometimes the victims are inexperienced oarsmen and sailors; sometimes they are reckless bathers caught in a cruel undertow; again they die because they cannot swim, or because they lose their presence of mind and struggle against the very hands that would save them. One's instinctive feeling of revolt against a death of this sort, a death which we cannot out feel might usually be avoided, renders the grief for such a calamity the greater. Precautions against accidents on the water should be taken, and the very least one can do is to learn how to swim.

There is apparently a temptation to turn the automobile into a flying-machine. Of course, there is delight in the smooth and rapid rush of this horseless carriage, but safety, for the automobilist and for persons in his path, requires a limitation of speed.

Where shall a man smoke? A smoking-room is the luxury of the rich. Only a man here and there has a den of his own. An after-dinner cigar or a student's pipe is more enjoyable if social than if lonely, yet in the minds of certain matrons it is a crime to smoke indoors. The man must betake himself to porch or garden-walk, and meditate between the puffs of his tobacco, though he would greatly prefer to talk. Nobody likes stale tobacco in carpets and curtains, but a fifteen minutes' airing will dissipate the most clinging scent of smoke, and a tolerant housekeeper might do worse than permit her good man to smoke where he can be happiest. Homes exist to make people happy, and happy people are likely to be good people.

Very dear and gracious is the daughter who, herself well and cheery, elects to spend a summer in town with her father, and she who tries the experiment may find that she has passed less agreeable summers. There are many suburban resorts easily gained; there are sails and drives galore, and trolley-rides without number; there are cool, darkened rooms, and such bathing facilities as one cannot compass away from home, and there will be at the end of the season a happy sense of duty done.

The best way to keep a house cool is to shut it up and exclude the heated air after the morning freshness has gone. A draught of air blowing through the rooms after sunset and in the early hours of the day is a delight, but a blast from a furnace is far from agreeable. To step from the burning temperature of the street into a cool, closed and darkened parlor is a pleasant experience. Too much fanning, and too much fretting, are alike to be avoided in hot weather. Make the surroundings comfortable and then summon philosophy to your aid.

Into the summer trunk should go the incomparable last book of that gifted young war correspondent, Mr. G. W. Stevens, whose untimely death we still deplore. "From Cape Town to Ladysmith" is a succession of vivid pictures, especially timely in view of current events in South Africa. Here is a bit of inimitable description which shows what word-painting can be at its best: "Now we were climbing the vast desert of the Karroo, the dusty stairway that leads on to the highlands of South Africa. Once you have seen one desert, all the others are like it; and yet once you have loved the desert, each is lovable in a new way. In the Karroo you seem to be going up a winding ascent, like the ramps that lead to an Indian fortress. You are ever pulling up an incline between hills, making for a corner round one of the ranges. You feel that when you get round that corner you will at last see something; you arrive and see only another incline; two more ranges and another corner, surely this time with something to arrive at beyond. You arrive and arrive, and once more you arrive, and once more you see the same vast nothing that you are coming from. Believe it or not, that is the very charm of the desert; the unfenced emptiness, the space, the freedom, the unbroken arch of the sky. It is forever fooling you, and yet you forever pursue it. And then it is only to the eye that cannot do without green that the Karroo is unbeautiful. Every other color meets others in harmony; tawny sand, silver-gray scrub, crimson-tufted flowers like heather, black ribs of rock, puce shoots of scree, violet mountains in the middle distance, blue fairy battlements guarding the horizon. And above all broods the intense purity of the South African azure—not a colored thing like the plants and the hills, but sheer color, existing by and for itself."

To read this when one is a town dweller, shut up in a barrack-like street, with brownstone walls on either side, and a meagre glimpse of smoky sky above, is to feel the sense of wings poised for a long, thrilling flight.

A WOMAN TO HONOR

MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST, whose portrait is presented on the opposite page, is an instance of a gracious lady who is firmly anchored in the esteem of her countrywomen. Of a charming presence and singularly serene beauty, a little retiring in manner, Mrs. Hearst wins the affection of every one she meets. A young girl, worshipping her from a distance, said lately: "If I could only do some little service for her—something to show my reverence—I would be happy." She has made very happy many young and gifted girls, to whom she has afforded opportunities for culture here and abroad.

Mrs. Hearst made the last winter and spring memorable in the annals of the University of California. Every Saturday afternoon, from January on, she was at home to a thousand students, and every Sunday afternoon the University was invited to Hearst Hall to listen to the most charming musical programmes rendered by the best attainable artists. Dinners, luncheons, debates, alumni gatherings, have had the pleasure of Mrs. Hearst's presence as hostess or inspiring genius, and as Regent of the University Mrs. Hearst has entered into its innermost life. Very lately she has taken a deep and cordial interest in the Pacific Coast Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association, and she touches no organization except to enrich and adorn it, to give to it something which no one else can give.

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A PLEASANT SUMMER TASK

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the canning industry provides summer fruit for winter use by the wholesale, and that excellent preserves may be purchased at woman's exchanges and elsewhere, many matrons still wish to make their own jams and jellies. The task of providing these toothsome dainties for future use is really less difficult and fatiguing than it may at first seem. Undertaken in a systematic way, with one's utensils all ready, and perhaps a second pair of hands to help, a few hours will serve to fill an empty shelf in the family preserve closet.

THE UTENSILS

All fruits contain an acid which corrodes exposed metal. Hence all utensils used in handling or cooking fruit must be porcelain-lined, or non-corrosive, like silver or agate-ware. The latter, however, must be absolutely free from crack or flaw in its polished surface. The necessary utensils are china bowls and platters for holding the prepared fruit; a silver knife for pitting it; long-handled agate or wooden spoons for stirring; broad vessels for cooking it, because these collect more heat and do the work more speedily and thoroughly; a broad-tubed funnel; a porcelain strainer, or, in lieu of it, a new tin one (to be rinsed immediately after using it); a scale for weighing the ingredients; half-pint tumblers for jelly, and Mason jars for the jam—these in pint or quart sizes, according to the quantity required for one meal. Jelly-bags are also needed, of loose texture (white domestic flannel answers admirably), fitted with a draw-string at the top and tapering toward the bottom. To remove the fuzz from the new flannel it may be scalded before using.

The heat of a gas-range is less trying than that of coal, but kettles exposed to its open flames need close watching, lest their contents scorch.



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MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST

JAMS

The fruit should be prepared as early as possible after gathering it, and all decayed pieces rejected. It may be stoned, sliced, weighed and mixed with the necessary sugar on the day before it is to be cooked; it is then ready for the fire the next morning, and boils while other work is under way. Fruit thus prepared must stand in china vessels and be protected from flies and dust. Pounding a few of the stones of pitted fruits, tying them in a cloth, and boiling them with the jam, lends a piquant flavor that is very desirable. For those who like a spicy taste, a few cloves and bits of cinnamon bark may be used in the same way.

JELLIES

Berries and all fruits may be converted into delicious jelly, if cooked carefully, using very little or no water in the process. Fruits are stoned and sliced; rhubarb stalks peeled and chopped; pineapple chopped very finely, and berries washed and mashed. The juicy mass is boiled for about half an hour, and longer if not yet tender. It is then poured into the jelly-bags, suspended over deep china bowls, and allowed to drip over night; or, taking a small quantity at a time, and placing it in the bag, the pulp is squeezed dry by pressure between the hands, the juice being carefully collected. The latter is measured, and a pound of sugar used for every pint of fruit, except for raspberries and peaches; these being naturally sweet, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pint of juice is sufficient.

No matter how much juice you have, never put on more than a quart at a time when boiling it for jelly. Several shallow vessels may be used if the process seems too slow, but a larger quantity is very apt to prevent the final firmness that is desirable in jelly. The quart of juice is boiled rapidly for ten minutes by the clock; the requisite sugar for that quantity is then added and the mixture boiled five minutes, after it has begun to boil. Pour slowly into the glasses, using these precautions against cracking. Before removing the cooked fruit from the fire, rinse the glasses and jar in hot water, put a tablespoon in each, and stand them in a dripping-pan half full of hot water. Pour the preserved fruit through the wide-tubed funnel, filling each only half at first; then fill to the top and slowly withdraw each spoon, the metal of which has served as a conductor for the heat. In order to allow the jelly to be easily turned out of the glasses when required for table use, the tumblers are kept half filled with hot water, and emptied out just before pouring the boiling syrup into them.

The filled glasses are left uncovered until cold, protected by a cheese-cloth from dust and flies. They are closed by fastening a circle of oil paper over the top of the glass. If, because of some forgotten detail, the jelly is not firm next day, return it to the fire and boil for five or ten minutes longer.

Affix a gummed label to the glass and write on it the variety of the jelly and the date of its making. Exposure to the light is harmful to preserved fruit, and it loses its color easily. Hence, unless the preserve closet is very dark, it is advisable to wrap each glass and jar in dark blue paper.



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6000 new '99 model bicycles carried over, must be closed out at \$11 each. Price each, complete, \$11.

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Ask your Physician about it.

When a good physician prescribes beer for a patient, it is Schlitz beer. A physician knows the value of purity.

Ask him how germs affect beer and he will tell you that few stomachs can digest them. He will say that impure beer is unhealthy.

You will know then why we brew Schlitz beer under such rigid precautions—why we even filter the air that touches it; why we filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle.

If you knew what we know, and what your physician knows about beer, you, too, would insist on Schlitz



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THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

TRY YOUR PEN BEFORE BUYING **Fountain Pens** 14 K. For bookkeepers, correspondents and stenographers. Price \$1.50. For 25c. ex. postage, pen will be sent for examination. If found satisfactory pay the Express Co. \$1.25, which they will refund if dissatisfied after a week's trial. Agts. wanted. R. W. WHITNEY, Cleveland, O.

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4 BOTTLES FULL QUARTS \$3.60
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SIX YEARS OLD. EXPRESS PREPAID. No marks on package to indicate contents. Remit P. O. Express Order or Bank Exchange. Enter by permission, First National Bank, O'BRYAN BROS., OFFICE, 535 S. MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Order west of Detroit, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas must call for 24 quarts by freight, prepaid.

A LITERARY STATESMAN

AMERICAN statesmen have, as a rule, been men of marked literary proclivities, who have surrounded themselves with libraries of great value. To this rule there is one notable exception in the gifted Andrew Jackson, whose list of books ranged from Barlow's "Columbiad" to a small edition of the "Devil on Two Sticks," and included both a copy of the Penny Encyclopedia and Mrs. Gaston's Cook Book. The celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke was his very antithesis, and in his love for books and literary allusions involved himself in many acrimonious disputes, one of which resulted in his famous duel with Clay. The duel arose from a comparison of Clay and Adams as a coalition to that of Blitil and Black George in Fielding's novel, "Tom Jones," which Randolph referred to as a combination unknown until then of Puritan and Blackleg. His reading was extensive, but of a rambling nature; he had few favorites, though he could not stand "Tom Moore's sentimental ditties, which were all ideal and above Nature." The poet himself he described as a wit, and a spruce, dapper little fellow. Randolph was unchangeable in his literary views, steadfast in believing himself incapable of error in such matters, carrying this conviction so far that he actually dismissed his doctor upon his deathbed because the latter disagreed with him about the pronunciation of certain words.

SOMETHING NEEDED

BEGGAR: "You very kindly gave me a pair of your trousers yesterday, sir, and now I have something else to ask for."
Corpulent Benefactor: "Well, what is it?"
Beggar: "A square meal, so that I can wear them."—*Jugend*.

MILITARY PRECISION

COLONEL: "Gentlemen, I have summoned you to tell you that one of your number incurred my displeasure the other day and just who he was and what he did I cannot recall, but something was wrong, I remember. So I must ask you to find out what it was for me that I may reprimand the offender."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

LINCOLN'S STRANGE WOOING

LINCOLN's wooing and wedding are of so peculiar a nature that they deserve notice in the annals of his remarkable life, as throwing a side-light upon one aspect of his character with which the general public is wholly unfamiliar. This peculiarity can only be explained by his disordered state of mind when he became acquainted with Miss Mary Todd in 1839. His wooing was a series of morbid misgivings as to the force of his affections, of alternate ardor and coolness, advances and withdrawals, and every variety of strange language and freakish behavior, continued until the appearance of his omnipresent political rival, Douglas, in the field of love gave it the much-needed matrimonial impetus. But when, after several months of courtship, the wedding day arrived, the bride waited vainly amid her silks and flowers for the recalcitrant lover. Friends discovered him on the morrow, hidden in an out-of-the-way corner, if not insane, at least sunken in one of those absorbing fits of despondent gloom from which he suffered at that time. Months later, when he was quite recovered, the wedding took place, this time with much less ostentation, thanks to the former ridiculous performance.

FEMININE ECONOMIES

WIFE: "Karl, we ought not to spend so much for our summer trip this year, and I've thought of one way to cut down expenses."
Husband: "And what is that, my dear?"
Wife: "We won't ask the doctor this year if I need the trip; that will save five dollars."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

SHUTTING THEM UP

THE men of one of the volunteer regiments recently drilling at Camp Peekskill in New York were given to making frivolous and unnecessary complaints when mustered on parade. Their commanding officer silenced them in an ingenious manner. The sergeant-major, awaiting the colonel on parade, met him with the familiar salute:

"Sir, I believe there are complaints to be made in respect to the rations."
"Sergeant-major," said the colonel, "let the men parade in their new helmets, and I will see them at the same time."

On looking down the ranks he remarked to the sergeant-major: "Follow me, and fit these chin-straps. There you are, corporal; if you were to get into a gallop you would strangle yourself. Take his chin strap up four holes. And you, Trooper Jones, ten times worse; take his up six," and so on all down the ranks.

After the inspection the colonel, with a wink at the sergeant-major, said, "Any complaints, men?"

The men, having their jaws tightened up to the greatest pitch, were perforce silent.

"I dismiss the parade," said the colonel. "Very satisfactory!"

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HYLO 2 1/2 IN.
HEIGHT IN BACK
WELT EDGE

Neck Comfort

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For a copy of "The Lake Superior Country," containing a description of Marquette and the copper country, address, with four (4) cents in stamps to pay postage, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

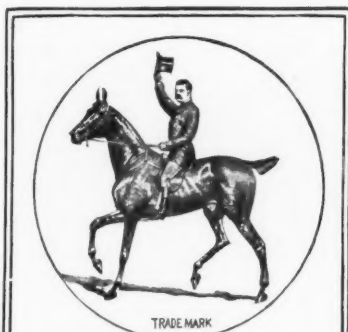
"ON APPROVAL" We ship every article "On Approval" subject to return at our expense if not found positively the best ever sold at so low a price as we name.

'19 This Desk is 48 inches long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawn oak front, closed back, front base mould, 22 pigeon-holes, 9 file boxes, 2 arm rests, ball bearing casters, and 3 complete letter files. This desk has a good polish finish, and from a dealer would cost \$28 to \$35.

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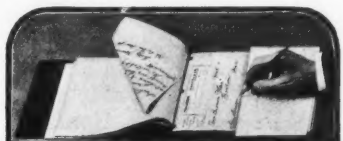
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A CLEVER TAX-COLLECTOR

PATIENT (at the dentist's): "Doctor, what do you charge to pull a tooth?"
Dentist: "Five dollars."
Patient: "Are you sure you know how to do it? How many do you pull a year?"
Dentist: "At least a thousand, my good sir."
Patient: "That will do. I just wanted to get a general idea as to your income."—*L'Illustration.*

HENRY CLAY'S FIRST PUBLIC SPEECH

HENRY CLAY as a young man was extremely bashful, although he possessed uncommon brightness of intellect and fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more. In the early part of his career he settled in Lexington, Va., where he found the society most congenial, though the clients seemed somewhat recalcitrant to the young lawyer. He joined a debating society at length, but for several meetings he remained a silent listener. One evening after a lengthy debate the subject was being put to a vote, when Clay was heard to observe softly to a friend that the matter in question was by no means exhausted. He was at once asked to speak, and, after some hesitation, rose to his feet. Finding himself thus unexpectedly confronted by an audience, he was covered with confusion, and began, as he had frequently done in imaginary appeals to the court: "Gentlemen of the jury." The titter that ran through the audience only served to heighten his embarrassment, and the obnoxious phrase fell from his lips again. Then he gathered himself together and launched into a peroration so brilliantly lucid and impassioned that it carried the house by storm, and laid the cornerstone to his future greatness; his first case coming to him as a result of this speech, which some consider the finest he ever made.

KIND HEARTED

ASHMAN: "Any old bottles for sale?"
Master: "Sorry, but I sent them all away to-day."
Valet: "Excuse me, sir, but he's such a poor devil, couldn't he drink up a couple quickly for him?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

SOCIALISM IN AFRICA

SOCIALISTIC LEADER (to Arab mob): "Citizen Arabs, the reign of Socialism is come. I am the new governor. In the name of our cause, I shall enforce the doctrine of social equality and equal rights, and harness the rich."
Arabs: "The man is a fool. Let us respect him henceforth; for fools are the chosen of Allah."—*Le Petit Journal Pour Rire.*

E PLURIBUS UNUM

A COSEY ISLAND excursion steamer was leaving New York with but few passengers aboard. The boat had just cast off when a stout gentleman with a very red face rushed down the pier and, flourishing his stick, shouted: "Hey, captain! Put back—back her quick. Here's a large party wants to go."
The captain was at first derisive, but finally shouted from the pilot-house: "How large is the party?"

For an instant the fat man hesitated. Then he yelled back: "Between sixty and seventy."
As soon as the captain heard this number he instantly ordered the steamer back and made fast again. The fat man waddled across the gangplank, and, picking out a nice deck seat, fanned himself with his straw hat. Meanwhile the captain and his crew waited for the party to arrive. After waiting five minutes and more the captain turned impatiently toward the stout gentleman and asked: "Where's your party between sixty and seventy? This boat can't wait all day for them."
"Oh, that's all right," replied the fat passenger with a bland smile. "I'm the party; sixty-five to-day, sir."
The captain's face grew redder even than the passenger's as he furiously rang the bell to steam ahead, but the fat gentleman at once became the hero of the boat.

THE MASTER WILL

WIFE: "You can go to the club to-night if you feel like it, my dear."
Husband: "I do feel like it, but I shan't go."
Wife: "Why not?"
Husband: "Because I intend to have my own way for once."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Q. E. D.

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF tells us that Tom Sheridan, reading Euclid with his tutor, and finding it tedious, asked: "Was Euclid a good man?"
The tutor did not know.
"Was he an honorable, truthful man?"
"We know nothing to the contrary."
"Then, don't you think we might take his word for all this?"

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Wernicke Elastic Book-Case

A SYSTEM OF UNITS

Always complete, but never finished. Ten or a dozen books, one unit—more books, more units, and get them as wanted. Small enough for 10, large enough for 10,000 books. An ideal book-case for the home. Fitted with dust-proof disappearing doors and furnished in grades and prices to suit all tastes and requirements. Carried in stock by dealers in principal cities. Send for list and booklet C-100. "G-W" pays the freight.

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The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and aged in wood under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than 8 years old, most of it 10 and 12 years old when first bottled. Sold direct to the consumer from our distillery at the low price of \$1.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than \$6.00.

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\$3.00 for four full quarts. This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than \$5.00. We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

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Address all orders to Warehouse, 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.
Orders for Ariz., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting.

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Cures Ailments Peculiar to Women.

TRIAL FREE.

WE received letters from 10,714 women who bought our Brace during the year 1899. Of these 10,428 found in it the relief they sought. Only 286 were disappointed; they were probably chronic incurables or parties who failed to use the Brace properly. These facts tell their own story with sledge hammer force. No other remedial agent has such a record for success. A majority of those relieved by the Brace in 1899 were women who had long considered perpetual suffering as their legacy; but they found in this simple, easy device a cure.

It brings rest, strength, comfort, ability to enjoy life, grace and freedom for all exercise. A priceless boon to the feeble woman; a benefit to all women. Worn with any dress, with or without corset; wholly external, adjustable to any figure, invaluable to the prospective mother.

We receive annually many thousands of letters like the following:

HAZEN, PA., Sept. 16, 1899.
I had suffered three years from falling womb, backache, headache, bearing down pains, pain around the heart, constipation, irregular menstruation, constant leucorrhoea, sleeplessness and extreme nervousness. I am now completely cured, and the Brace did it. The womb has resumed its proper position and stays there. I gained thirteen pounds in six weeks. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began to wear the Brace.

MRS. J. M. RAUGHT.

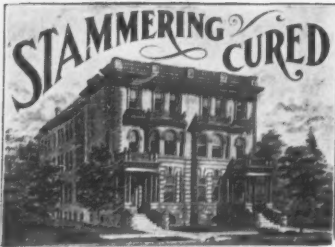
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WAITER (to party of McKinley enthusiasts)—"This is the best American drink to toast the nominee in I know of. It's 'Great Western' Champagne, and it's fifth in consumption of any wine, foreign or domestic, in the United States."

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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S PART IN THE COMING CAMPAIGN

FOR a few days after the convention, Washington was the Mecca for the Republican politicians of the country, who had been in attendance upon the Philadelphia Convention. The President cordially received their congratulations and took advantage of the opportunity to extend his personal thanks for their action and to urge them to renewed efforts to continue the Republican party in power. While the President is confident that his party will be victorious in November, he feels that it is advisable for the Republicans to get promptly at work, and he started the campaign by impressing upon his political callers the necessity of keeping the issues squarely before the people. The National Committee, following the President's example, will commence active work without delay and will establish headquarters in New York and Chicago. The Republican Congressional Committee is already employed in flooding the country with campaign literature and in urging Republican candidates for Congress to aid themselves and the party by influencing the voters to as largely support the Republican ticket as possible.

President McKinley had contemplated a trip to the Pacific Coast, but, fearing that the charge would be made that he is using his position to advance his candidacy, he has decided to abandon the jaunt, and to attend strictly to executive business and such campaign work as he can supervise without publicity. He proposes to spend a month or six weeks in Japan. It is possible he may go to Maine to spend a few weeks of August, and in September will return to Washington.

President McKinley will make few speeches during the campaign. In fact, he is discouraging the idea that he should be called upon to address gatherings in support of his candidacy.

The President's disinclination to support the candidacy of Mr. McKinley will not, however, extend to Mr. Roosevelt, candidate for the Vice-Presidency, or the members of the Cabinet. Colonel Roosevelt is regarded by the Republican campaign managers as a big drawing card, and he will be played in the West, where Bryan's strength is greatest, in the hope of reducing the vote which the Democratic candidate expects to receive. State Senator Burton, chairman of the Kansas delegation to Philadelphia, says that "McKinley and Roosevelt" form the strongest ticket the Republicans could have nominated to redeem Kansas. Delegates from Kentucky look forward to a sweeping victory with Roosevelt on the ticket. The action of the convention in so warmly endorsing "Governor" Taylor, coupled with the fact that Roosevelt expressed sympathy for that gentleman's course some months ago, is expected to have an excellent effect in Kentucky, for the non-interference policy of the President in the Kentucky dispute was not satisfactory to the Republican voters.

INTERESTED LADIES.

Working in a Good Cause.

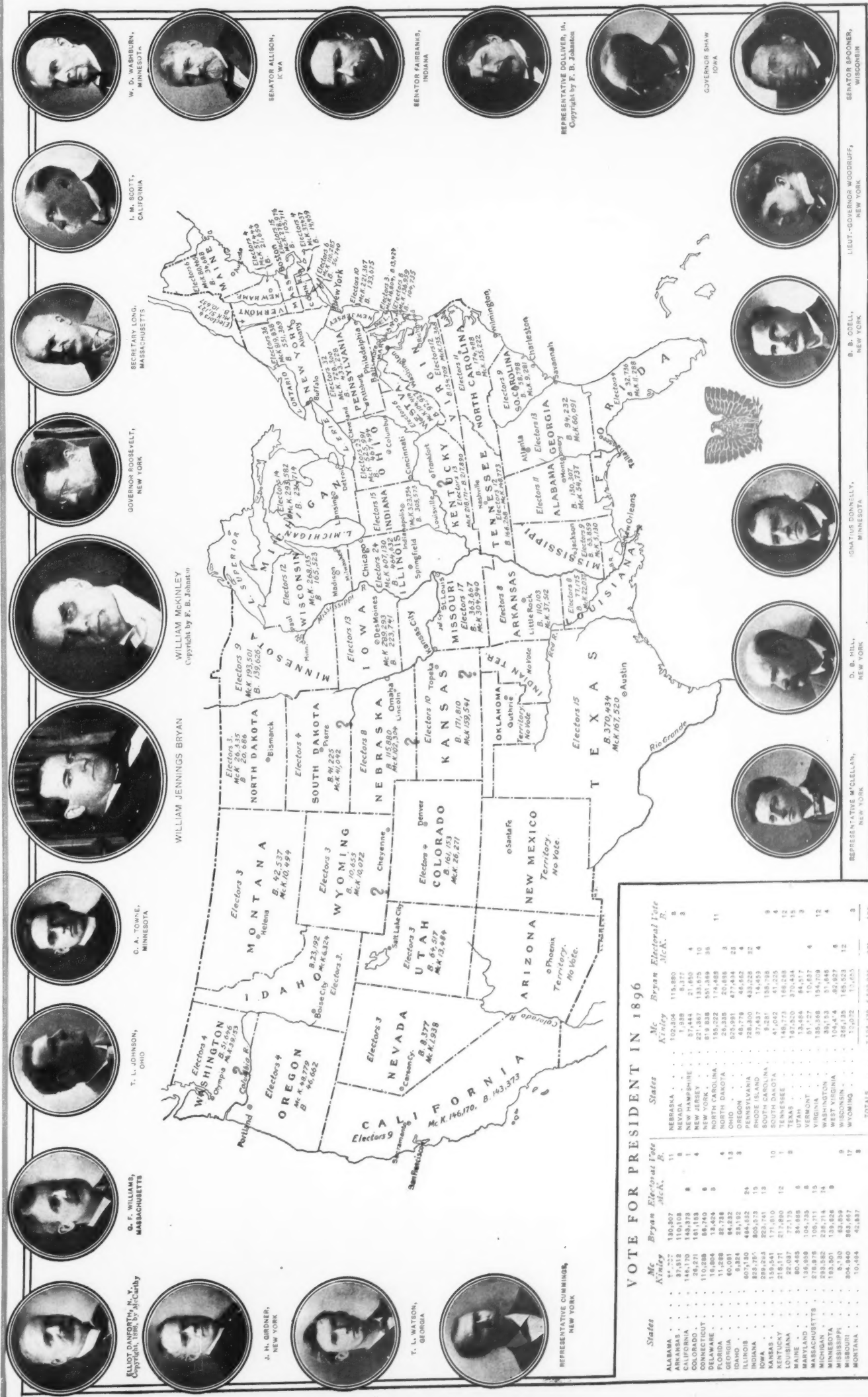
"In the Institution where I am employed as nurse (The Home for Aged Women) we find many ladies suffering from gastric trouble caused by coffee.

"My own personal experience is that since a child I have been a moderate drinker of coffee, but most of the latter years have suffered from acidity of the stomach, sluggish liver and nervousness.

"I finally gave up coffee entirely, about three years ago, using hot water in its place. Of course, after removing the cause, the symptoms disappeared, but I seemed to need a beverage more strengthening than hot water, as my occupation of nurse required considerable exertion. I began to look about for a suitable breakfast beverage and undertook the preparation of one by browning some wheat berries and using that as coffee, but the result was far from satisfactory. Finally I came across Postum Food Coffee, on a visit at my home in Roselle, N. J., and found it exactly fitted the case.

"I have been using it regularly and introduced it to our institution. When it was first served, it was not satisfactory, but I looked into the matter and insisted upon having it boiled fully fifteen minutes after the actual boiling had started, not counting the time that it was on the stove before boiling began. The next time it appeared you would not think it was the same article, it was so much improved. Several of the patients decided to use it to the exclusion of coffee and I found that its use reduced the number of cases of indigestion. The result has been very gratifying, and for two years now, Postum Food Coffee has been in daily use at the Home.

"Mrs. Matilda Seaver and Miss Anna Merrill are desirous that their names be used to help forward the good cause. My mother has been greatly helped by the discontinuance of coffee. She was formerly subject to cramps, but they have entirely disappeared since she has abandoned coffee and taken up Postum Food Coffee." Respectfully, Miss E. Stryker, Elizabeth, N. J.



MAP OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

The figures on each State show the number of electors and the result of the contest of 1896. The question mark indicates the doubtful States in the present campaign. At the top and round the right-hand margin of the map, as far as the eagle, are the latest portraits of the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President, and prominent Republican politicians. At the top and round the left-hand margin and at the bottom are portraits of the Democratic candidates.

VOTE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1896

States	McKinley	Bryan	Electoral Vote
ALABAMA	102,304	115,880	9
ALASKA	1,989	8,377	3
ARIZONA	1,989	8,377	3
CALIFORNIA	146,170	143,573	9
CONNECTICUT	110,288	88,740	6
DELAWARE	18,804	18,804	3
GEORGIA	80,091	84,122	6
IDAHO	8,424	25,192	3
ILLINOIS	607,180	444,422	24
INDIANA	229,275	205,473	15
KANSAS	139,543	171,910	10
KENTUCKY	218,171	277,890	12
LOUISIANA	22,037	77,713	8
MARYLAND	80,485	84,685	6
MASSACHUSETTS	278,076	105,211	14
MICHIGAN	192,501	139,826	16
MINNESOTA	87,130	84,899	10
MISSOURI	309,590	343,667	17
MONTANA	10,484	42,837	3
NEBRASKA	102,304	115,880	9
NEVADA	1,989	8,377	3
NEW JERSEY	271,457	133,450	10
NEW YORK	551,359	551,359	36
NORTH CAROLINA	155,222	174,488	11
NORTH DAKOTA	26,339	20,696	3
OHIO	44,444	44,444	23
OKLAHOMA	1,989	8,377	3
OREGON	22,037	77,713	3
PENNSYLVANIA	728,300	433,228	32
RHODE ISLAND	37,437	14,459	4
SOUTH CAROLINA	9,281	138,798	7
TENNESSEE	148,722	148,722	10
TEXAS	161,520	375,434	10
UTAH	13,484	84,357	3
VERMONT	97,727	134,439	3
WASHINGTON	32,158	32,158	5
WEST VIRGINIA	104,474	82,627	8
WISCONSIN	268,135	148,523	12
WYOMING	10,484	10,484	3
TOTALS	7,104,179	6,802,825	277

McKINLEY'S VOTE, OVER BRYAN
McKINLEY'S VOTE, OVER ALL
McKINLEY'S ELECTORAL VOTE, OVER BRYAN
TOTAL POPULAR VOTE 1896 13,923,378

DECORATION BY R. W. CROUCH

SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

A MOST interesting study of the ups and downs of college baseball lies in the development of the Yale nine this year under Captain Camp. At the outset of the season it was generally accepted that the first battery would be: Sullivan, catcher, and Cook in the box. Owing to some temporary difficulties with his studies, Cook could not be taken on the Eastern trip, and by the time of the first Princeton game Captain Camp had selected Sullivan and Robertson as his principal battery, with Cunha as a change catcher and Garvin as a possibility in the box. That game was played and lost by Yale, Sullivan giving way to Cunha in the latter half of the game. Then, with fortune rather at the lowest ebb, neither Sullivan nor Cunha just what the pitchers wanted, Robertson having been practically batted out of the box in this first important match, Captain Camp took Hirsch, whose principal record had been with his freshman nine, but who was catching a good game for the consolidated, and put him behind the bat. This next game at Princeton Yale finally lost, but not until her nine had demonstrated a, to Princeton, startling ability to play ball. The uproar on the field during the latter part of the game and the breaking in over the field by the Princeton graduates was quite enough to shake the nerve of the most hardened and went far toward the demand for neutral grounds. Yale then journeyed to Harvard, and there at Cambridge, with Hirsch once more behind the bat and Robertson in the box, gave Harvard one of the severest beatings they have ever received on their home ground. Robertson there demonstrated his ability to pitch the full nine innings, although in two at least of the earlier games his effectiveness disappeared after the sixth inning. There has been no more conscientious or hard-working captain at Yale in years than Stewart Camp, and it was some measure of recompense to him to see his nine win at least this one important and sensational game.

Whoever wins the boat race at Poughkeepsie, which is being rowed while this issue is on the press, there is no doubt that it is one of the most important and far-reaching in its effects of any of the races of the last five years. I have already called attention to the fact that never before have there been so many expert professional oarsmen engaged in coaching and aiding our college crews. The last two weeks have added still another factor of interest to it in the appearance as coach to the Columbia crew of Edward Hanlon, the world-renowned single sculler. It is a strange story of fate that places Charles Courtney, coaching the Cornell crew, over against Ed. Hanlon, coaching the Columbia organization. In rowing annals of not so many years ago, no two men were ever better known for their ability with the oar than these two, and Courtney has already demonstrated, many a time, his ability to impart the knowledge which he possesses. This is practically the first time that Hanlon has had such an opportunity. Meantime, as lined up against them both, are Ellis Ward and Andy O'Dea—the former an American type of professional oarsman whose history and records are as long and interesting, taken especially in connection with his brother, as those of Hanlon and Courtney, while O'Dea's professional rowing finds its home in Australia. Georgetown as a rowing proposition is so unknown as to be entirely a mystery. But there are stories to the effect that she is no whit behind the others. Pennsylvania and Ward have for the last two years had the undisputed fastest crews, and whatever be the result of the race now being rowed, Ellis Ward has had his day of triumph and Pennsylvania two years of satisfaction.

The University of Illinois has won the MIDDLE-WEST BASEBALL championship of the Middle-West, with Michigan a close second. The finish was unsatisfactory to the Michigan men, as their final game

with Illinois, scheduled for May 31 at Ann Arbor, could not be played on account of rain.

Until the Michigan series was reached Illinois had won every game they played, defeating Wisconsin twice, Northwestern twice and Chicago four times, as well as winning all their minor games.

Michigan's playing was rather erratic this season. They captured the Chicago series by winning two out of three and tying one; won two from Northwestern, and then dropped two to Wisconsin. The latter team hardly figured in the race, but destroyed Michigan's chance for first position.

Michigan won two games out of the first three with Illinois. The fourth was played in Detroit on Memorial Day, and Illinois captured it by a score of 6 to 5. Up to the seventh inning of this game Michigan looked like a winner, the score standing 4 to 1 in their favor. Both teams were playing scientific ball, and Beistle and McCollum, the opposing pitchers, were keeping the hits down. In the seventh inning, however, the Michigan team went to pieces. Four errors by the Michigan fielders and three hits off Beistle gave Illinois five runs and the game. Michigan braced up again and tried hard to win out, but when the game ended they were still one run behind. The rain of the succeeding day prevented a fifth game between the teams, and their series resulted in an even break.

The Wisconsin team was not quite up to the standard this year, but succeeded in taking two games from Michigan, one from Chicago and one from Northwestern. Chicago won one each from Michigan, Wisconsin and Northwestern, and the latter won one each from Chicago and Wisconsin.

Most of the Middle-West teams still have games to play, but they are without side teams and will not affect the standing.

The Western intercollegiate track meet at Chicago was by far the most interesting of recent years. Several new Western records were established, but the closeness of the contest for first honors furnished the most sensational elements. California, Chicago and Michigan led the other contestants from the start, but nearly every event changed the relative positions of the three.

Previous to the final event, the 220-yard hurdle, the score stood: California, 29; Chicago, 24; Michigan, 26. All three colleges were represented in the final by high-class hurdlers, and the excitement was intense. Captain J. F. McLean of Michigan, the crack football player, and one of the finest all-around athletes in the Middle West, carried off the honors of his team by winning the event. Chicago landed second and California third. The final standing was thus the same, relatively, as that in the final hurdles. Michigan won the meet with 31 points, Chicago had 30½ and California 30. Wisconsin stood next with 22, and Notre Dame had 17.

Nineteen colleges and universities competed, and nearly every one gained a few points. The smaller fry just captured enough points to keep the leaders' scores together.

Michigan not only won the meet in a sensational finish, but broke all Western pole vaulting records. Charles E. Dvorak, who represented Michigan, only had to do 10 feet 3 inches in order to win his event, but he was after the record and succeeded in breaking it by vaulting 11 feet 6 inches.

Plaw, the big Californian who recently broke the world's record for hammer throwing, had a walkover in his event, and although he did not equal his record throw, easily broke the Western intercollegiate record.

Meloney of Chicago did the best work for his team, winning the 440 yard run, the 880 yard run and the 120 yard hurdle. Cadogan of California captured the 100-yard dash and the 220-yard dash.

In the dual meets held this spring Michigan was not a participant. Chicago showed best in these, winning from Wisconsin and Illinois, while Wisconsin won from Illinois and Minnesota.

Princeton won the second and final game of her Yale series after one of the most sensational finishes ever witnessed on the college diamond. After playing eight innings, during which, before her Commencement Day audience of some eight thousand, Princeton had the chagrin of seeing Yale creep steadily up to four runs, while unable herself to advance a man beyond second, a sudden change came like that of last fall when Poe kicked his phenomenal goal. In the last half of the ninth, with the score four to nothing against Princeton, Hutchings was sent in to bat for Watkins. He succeeded in knocking out a two-bagger over the third baseman's head. Robertson, the Yale pitcher, hit Steinwender and Kafer filled the cup of the Yale pitcher's misery by a hot one over second, which scored Hutchings. Meier, the next Princeton batsman (who came up after a considerable discussion between Captain Camp and the Yale coach, Keator, as to the advisability of retiring Robertson in favor of Garvin), hit Robertson for another two-base hit, which scored both Steinwender and Kafer. Pandemonium reigned supreme at this moment, and the Princeton crowd went literally wild. Camp replaced Robertson with Garvin, but too late. Hillebrand sent a grounder to short, fumbled by Camp, giving him first and Meier third. Burke sent a grounder to Sharpe, Yale's reliable first baseman, but he threw high to the plate and Meier slid under Hirsch for the tying run, Hillebrand going to third. Chapman hit a single between third and short, scoring Hillebrand with the victory! The game will be one never forgotten by those who witnessed or took part in it.

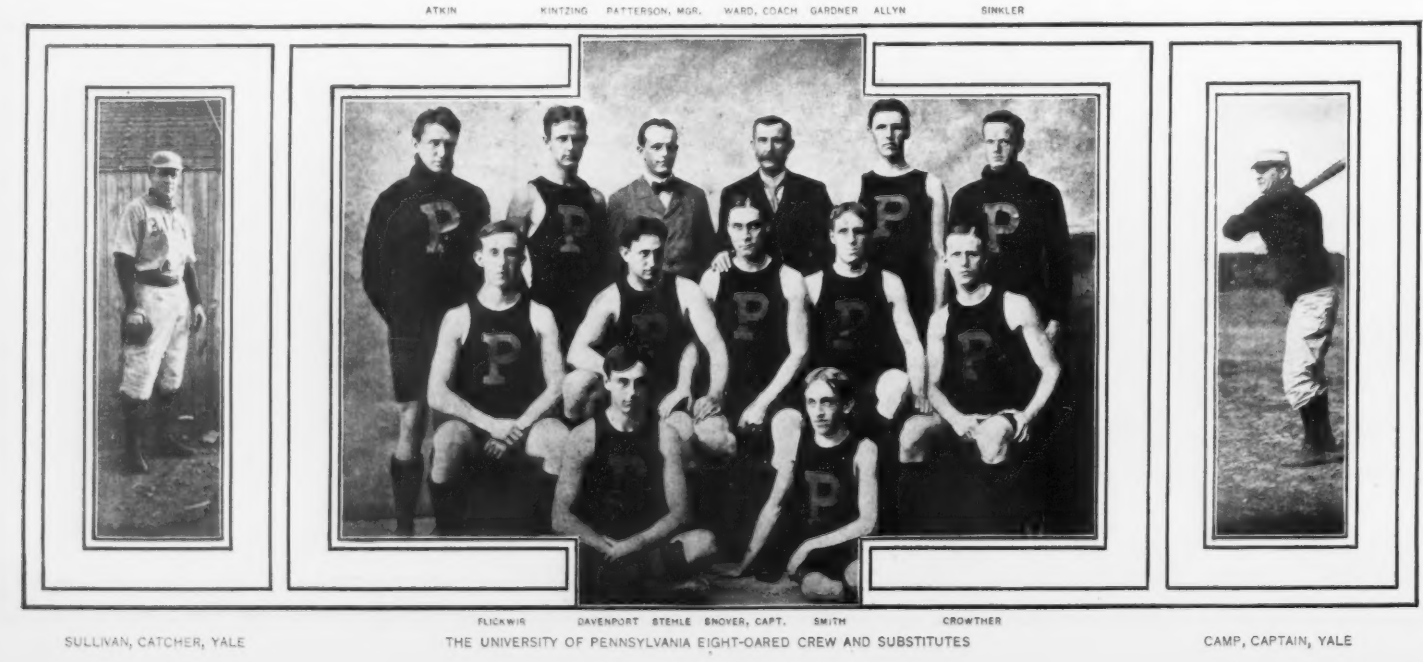
Princeton won her Harvard series also, by swamping Harvard at Princeton in the first half of the game. Stillman, whom they had failed to find effectively at Cambridge, seemed to have lost his mystery for them and they pounded out nine runs simply by tremendous hitting. Harvard succeeded in getting in two runs, but there was never any question as to the outcome after two innings had been played.

G. Foster Sanford, who last year ran in several races on the other side of the water, has once more gone over to participate. He is the present Columbia University football coach, and is the man who won the Boothall plate race in England last season. He is a heavy man, but remarkably fast for his weight.

It is reported, and one can easily imagine that the report is eagerly hailed on this side of the water, that there is a chance of an English university crew coming over for a brush with some of our crews next year. There is also a probability of an early visit of the Oxford and Cambridge track athletes for a contest with Harvard and Yale on the cinder path. The latter gives some ground for believing in the former. Certainly it makes the rowing of this year particularly interesting in view of such an international race.

The following quotation from an "Old Blue" correspondent of "Sporting Life" shows how far the discussion has gone: "There is no doubt that England owes it to America to send over such a crew. It is now more than thirty years, I believe, since we did so, and during the interim the Yankees have visited our shores very many times. It appears that, despite the recent visit of Mr. Lehmann, and the incisive advice he gave to the Harvard men, American oarsmen generally still believe in the efficacy of their own particular stroke, as against that advocated by the famous old Cantab.

"My friend says that Mr. Lehmann favors the idea of such an international race in the near future, which, if so, is half the battle. The honorable secretary of the A. R. A. is



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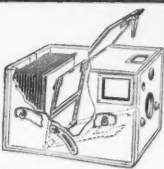
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the very man to engineer and render comparatively easy such a competition. He himself will pick an English eight which would be sure to do the old country justice; but will he? Every detail seems to have been considered. As Mr. Lehmann is of the opinion that only a non-tidal stream gives a true test of oarsmanship, the Yankees are willing to row on Saratoga Lake, which comes under that category. For my part, I see no earthly reason why an English representative crew should not go over in 1901."

WALTER CAMP.

PRELIMINARIES ABOUT WHEELING IN FRANCE

YOU ARE going to Paris this summer? Perhaps with a bicycle?

When a lover of touring and adventure decides to make a pilgrimage to foreign lands a wheel, the first consideration is to find a country with good roads. France is famous for its fine highways. They are kept in perfect condition by the government, which has men stationed a few miles apart, who are at work every day on their little piece, making the whole as smooth as a table. As the finest roads in France are all in the northern and eastern part, our first difficulty "On the Road to Paris" has been removed.

Having made up our minds as to where we shall go, the intricate question of How? rises before us. There are many regulations and requirements demanded of foreigners wheeling in France, which must be fully understood and prepared for before starting.

A bell, a brake, and a lamp are demanded by law. The brake is especially a wise precaution, as many of the grades are very steep and often crossed at the bottom by open-tile gutters, that may, if not regarded, give one a serious tumble.

On entering the country with a machine, a cycle permit costing 60c. must be obtained from the customs agent. This ticket should always be carried by the rider and produced whenever required, as the tourist remaining in the country more than three months with bicycle is subject to the annual tax of 6 fr. All these little formalities are carried out by the officials with impressive effect. But the hasty American must remember that in this country of revolutions and millinery, time always waits on ceremony.

There is bicycle duty, on going into France, of \$48.25 on every 222 pounds, or about 25 cts. per pound. Tourists must deposit this amount with the customs official, but the sum will be refunded when the traveller leaves the country. This alarming duty and many other annoying conventions may be avoided, however, by becoming a member of either of the great Continental bicycle clubs. They correspond to the American L. A. W.—the French one being "The Touring Club de France," the English "The Cyclists' Touring Club."

The Touring Club de France, at present, numbers 60,000 members. From an American delegate of the club, Mr. Francis S. Hasseltine, 10 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., membership tickets may be obtained for \$1, the yearly subscription. But as some time is required to send the application to Paris for proper signing, it is better to have the card await your arrival, in care of any U. S. consulate, steamship company or banking house, at your port of entry. The card, of course, may be sent to any address in the United States, but much time can be saved by having it meet one over there.

Most important of the Club's advantages is the escaping all official bother by merely showing a card of membership. Members may pass from one European country to another without hindrance; get large discounts at certain hotels, especially in the provinces, and secure advice from the Club representatives in all the towns and cities of France.

The Club's excellent little road-book, containing cyclists' hotels, repairers, etc., may be procured from any representative for 1 fr. Special route maps are also published by the Club, at very reasonable prices, obtainable from the secretary's office, No. 16 Place de la Bourse, Paris.

"The Cyclists' Touring Club" of England enjoys reciprocal privileges with "The Touring Club de France," at home and on the Continent. Application for membership should be made to Mr. F. O. Houghton, 115 State Street, Boston, Mass.

In selecting a number for your party, remember that two people can live as cheaply as one, and that three always introduces an element of dissension. Keep the number small, as well as the amount of luggage, for all necessary clothes or waterproofs should be carried on the wheel and no reliance put on forward baggage. Much time and money will be thus saved.

The steamship companies require all bicycles to be crated for the voyage; when they are carried at the rate of \$2.50 for each wheel. On the French railways unpacked bicycles are transported as regular baggage, at the companies' risk, when accompanied by the rider. As there is no perfected checking system as in America, a low shipping rate of 20c. is charged, with no regard as to the distance.

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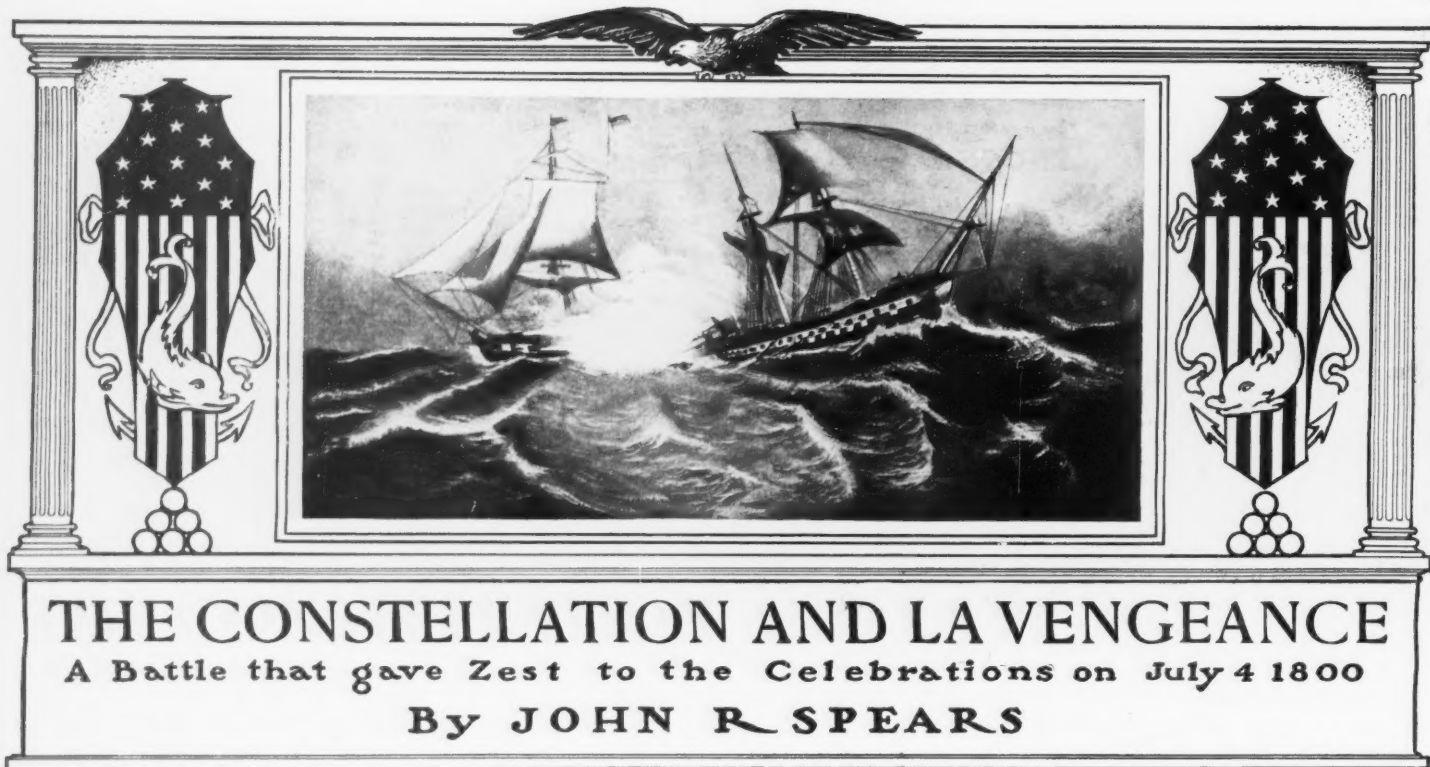
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FEW YEARS in our annual register of national events afford the patriotic American more solid pleasure than that of a hundred years ago, and rarely in our early history was our birthday celebrated with more hearty thanksgiving than on July 4, 1800. As the reader will remember, we had been forced into a war with France, and the times were most perilous. The anarchy of the French Revolution had convulsed all Europe, and the Government authorities in the West India colonies of France had literally turned pirates. The chief source of American prosperity had been in commerce, but our ships had been seized and robbed at every opportunity by both parties to the war in Europe, while in the West Indies our flag (contemptuously called "the gridiron flag") had been swept from the sea by a horde of pirates sent out from the French ports.

Why, in February, 1797, the commissioners of the French Government in San Domingo wrote to the Minister of Marine boasting of the success of the pirates whose enormities were confessed, and even the French Minister of Marine was degraded enough to enter into partnership with a renegade American, Captain Haley of the ship *Hare*, for the robbery of its owners.

With an empty Treasury, and a Congress composed of politicians instead of statesmen, the nation was, in 1798, in greater distress than it had been at any time since it had had an acknowledged existence; but relief was at hand, and people who believe in peace at any price may well recall how that relief came.

In May, 1798, Congress was forced into active measures. We had something of a navy—sundry frigates and a few smaller vessels. Congress directed the President to fit out this force "to protect the commerce and coasts of the United States." (Act of May 27.)

The war that followed on this act was the first in the history of our navy as now organized; it was in its every engagement a war aloft; and it gave the promise of future glory that has been fulfilled since then whenever American naval seamen have been called on to fight for the flag.

We opened the war by capturing a French pirate, which we added to our navy late in 1798, but there was no real battle until February 9, 1799, when the *Constellation*, under Captain Thomas Truxton, in cruising between Nevis Island and St. Kitts, at the northeast corner of the Caribbean Sea, saw the French frigate *Insurgent*. A studding-sail race followed, but the French model could not hold pace with the Yankee, and, what was worse, while trying to do so, the Frenchman carried away her main topmast in a squall.

So it happened that at 3.15 o'clock in the afternoon the *Constellation* ranged up on the weather beam of the enemy and answered his hail with a full broadside. Thereafter the fight was but the play of a mastiff with a cornered cat. The cat could yowl and spit back, but she had her back broken, and in a few minutes her flag was hauled down.

It was not quite an even fight—the French ship had more men than we, but we had the heavier and better guns, and so we should have won by weight of metal, perhaps; and this is not to forget the Frenchman's misfortune in the squall. But when we consider the details of the fight briefly, as the Fourth of July orators a hundred years ago did, we find that the superior force of the Yankee ship was due to the superior genius of the Yankee shipbuilder. The discipline on the French ship was that to be expected when foreclemen addressed their officers by the title "citizen," while that on the Yankee was so strict that Lieutenant Sterrett shot a man dead for deserting his post. But more important than all that, the marksmanship of the Yankee gunners was then for the first time in the history of our present navy shown for what it was worth. And let no one make a mistake about the skill of the Yankee gunners. It was battle-time skill; it was due in part to his early training as a backwoodsman, no doubt, but it was manifest in battle because he could face the enemy's fire as coolly as he faced the harmless deer in the forest.

And there was one other fact about this battle that stirred and still stirs the hearts of the people. When the fight was over Lieutenant John Rodgers and Midshipman David Porter, with eleven men, were sent to take charge of her and superintend the transfer of prisoners. But while yet 173 of the prisoners were on the *Insurgent* a hurricane separated the two vessels. These thirteen Americans (talk about ill luck in the number thirteen!) were left to face the cyclone and 173 French naval seamen. And what made the trouble infinitely worse was the fact that the hatch gratings, handcuffs and shackles had all been thrown overboard by the wily Frenchmen.

But Rodgers and Porter were the men for the occasion. They drove the prisoners into the hold, put a well-armed man at each hatch with orders to kill instantly any one approaching the ladders, and then with the others worked the crippled ship for three days and two nights, during which not one man of them got a wink of sleep. So they brought her to port.

It was not the cheap victory of the *Constellation* over the Frenchman that we celebrated; it was the magnificent courage, fortitude and skill of the American naval seaman. And these we still see and celebrate.

And then there were the two Yankee naval schooners *Enterprise* and *Experiment*, built at Baltimore especially to meet the little French pirates that swarmed in the West India seas in such numbers that more than 300 American merchantmen were captured by them in one year. These two got aloft in commission early in 1800, and swept over the waters, the enemy was pleased to call his own, with a might that was never surpassed. Within a few months the *Enterprise* met and whipped seven armed Frenchmen, including *L'Angle*, of 10 guns and 78 men, that was a fair match, and the *Flambeau*, of 14 guns and 110 men, that was far her superior in force. And these two fights are of especial interest, because the French crews fought with the most desperate courage in each case. In the fight with the *Flambeau* they lost 40 in killed and wounded out of 110, and in many a frigate fight called glorious the loss has been less.

The *Experiment* had fewer opportunities, but she improved such as she had in like fashion. Why, she was attacked, as she was conveying some merchantmen, by more than 300 of the pirates in barges. They showed such desperate courage that they kept up the fight for six long hours. But our 80 disciplined naval seamen conquered at last, after sinking two of the barges and destroying probably 100 of the enemy.

But the fight of all fights in that war was between the *Constellation* and *La Vengeance*.

On February 1, 1800, at 7.30 o'clock in the morning, the *Constellation*, Captain Thomas Truxton, was cruising to and fro under easy sail five leagues west of the port of Basseterre, Guadeloupe, when the lookout aloft announced a large sail in the southeast. A careful examination made by the officers on deck showed that it was a warship heading west, and, rounding in his weather braces a bit and setting all sail, Captain Truxton reached off across the trade-wind to intercept the stranger.

As Truxton wrote afterward, he at first thought it a British ship, and hoisted British colors in order to induce it to meet him half-way, and so avoid leaving his cruising ground. But as he approached he saw that the stranger had flung the French flag to the breeze, and that he was a huge frigate. Moreover, since the *Constellation* was still flying the English colors, it was plain that the Frenchman was game to fight—if he must; he kept his flag up, but held his course.

Thereat Truxton hauled down the British colors, hoisted "the gridiron flag," slung his yards with chains, stoppered the topsail sheets, and cleared ship for action.

Then the wind died down to a zephyr, and although the *Constellation* had been gaining rapidly, the stranger now held his own until one o'clock in the afternoon, when the breeze freshened a bit and the eager Yankees saw their ship overhauling the chase again, though slowly. It was a whole day

race, but a race of the kind that gives nerve to the crew in chase.

As night came on they could see the stranger so close ahead that he could not escape, if he wished to do so. So the candles were lighted in the battle lanterns and the decks were sprinkled with sand so that the guns' crews would not slip in their own blood as they worked at the tackles. And then with matches burning the *Constellation* ranged up on the stranger's weather quarter only a pistol-shot away.

Going forward to the gangway, Truxton put his trumpet to his mouth to order the stranger to haul down his flag, but at that moment he opened fire. Lowering his trumpet, Captain Truxton turned to his aide, Mr. Vandyke, and sent him flying to the various gun divisions with strict orders not to fire a gun until ordered to do so.

And so the two ships drifted through the night, the one alee belching flame and shot with frantic speed, and the other absolutely silent, and ghostly with her sails faintly outlined against the sky and the dull lights of her battle lanterns faintly seen through her wide-open ports.

It took the nerve of a man to drive a ship in silence into that flaming storm of death, and the nerve of a man was needed at every gun when the shot came bursting through the bulwarks, killing some at their posts and tearing others horribly with the splinters; but the word of the master held every man to his post.

Foot by foot the *Constellation* reached ahead until every gun would bear, and then every gun roared at the enemy. The crash of the shot and a prolonged shriek from the enemy told how well those guns had been aimed. In a moment more, as our sailors reached out of the ports to swab the guns, they saw by the dim light that blood was flowing even from the weather-scuppers of the other ship.

But while our first broadside had wrought great havoc, it had not won the battle. The French of that day were fighting fiercely and winning many battles ashore; it was only the old Viking blood that could conquer them aloft. Until one o'clock in the morning they fought back as best they might, but they aimed their guns aloft. They were striving to cripple the sails of the *Constellation*. They had no hope of winning; their sole endeavor was to escape.

And yet that was the French frigate *La Vengeance*. A low estimate of her force made by reputable writers gives her 52 guns, with 350 men in her regular crew, besides a lot of passengers who worked her guns as the regular crew were shot to death. By this estimate she threw 1,115 pounds of metal at a round, while the *Constellation* could throw but 826, and had but 310 men all told. The Frenchman was in every physical way the more powerful, but in the mental characteristics needed for battle the preponderance was greatly on the American side. He lost 50 killed and 110 wounded, while we lost but 14 killed and 25 wounded.

And yet the Frenchman saved his ship. His Don Quixote fight against the sails won for him that far. Every shroud on the *Constellation's* mainmast was shot away, and to the roll of the ship it fell over the side, when *La Vengeance* sneaked away in the night to find shelter at Curacao.

Nearly half of our dead were lost in the fall of the mast, but the story of it is told to this day because Midshipman Jarvis, in command aloft, knew it was going, but remained at his post with his men till Death came.

It was only a duel between two frigates, but the roar of the guns and the splinter of the timbers and the shriek of the distressed were heard in Paris, and to the uttermost part of our own country. To the French nation those sounds told a story that they would heed. The fights of our little navy, of which this was the chief, compelled the French to make peace, and in the celebrations of the 4th of July in 1800 the glory of this fight, and the consequent hope of peace, added to the zest of the day's pleasures. But that was the least of the benefits we got from our victories; for the tale of them, when told at the home firesides, stirred the hearts of the people until we were prepared for our second war for independence. And so "the gridiron flag" was spread above the sunlit seas, never to be lowered to any power.



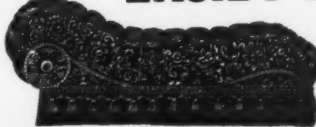
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